71. 2009.083.02101

Tributes to

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources providing testimonials lauding the 16th President of the United States

Surnames and entities beginning with

I

From the files of the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

71 2009 085 02101

ILLINOIS

Chicago Daily News
February 12, 1958

State Pays Tribute to Lincoln

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—The Illinois "Land of Lincoln" led the nation Wednesday in paying tribute to Abraham Lincoln.

A day-long program of memorial services started early Wednesday in the city of Springfield where Lincoln lies buried.

The services marked the 149th anniversary of the great emancipator's birth.

* * *

SPEAKING at Lincoln's tomb, National Legion Commander John S. Gleason Jr. called upon Americans to adhere to the principles of Lincoln in the current global battle for human freedom.

Gleason, of Chicago, said Lincoln "remains today as the most towering figure of liberty on earth because he touched with a sure hand what is deepest and most sacred in the human heart everywhere."

"The durability of our form of government remains the unsettled central issue," he said. "It is, as it was in Lincoln's day, the issue of human freedom.

"The present cold war with communism is being fought on the psychological, political, diplomatic and economic fronts.

"Growing Communist military might threatens to turn it into a hot war."

* * *

PRESIDENT Eisenhower had a wreath placed at the tomb by Col. Richard D. Boerem of the Illinois National Guard.

Gov. Stratton participated in the ceremonies, which included a Legion pilgrimage to New Salem State Park, the recreated village where Lincoln lived as a young man.

The Sangamon County Bar Association, continuing a long tradition, marched from the courthouse in downtown Springfield where Lincoln served as a member of the state assembly, to the tomb.

* * *

SCHOOLS, CITY offices and many downtown businesses here closed fo rthe day as the city observed the birthday of its most famous son.

Lincoln was born in Kentucky, but Illinois and Springfield have long since claimed him for their own.

Lincoln practiced law here, and here is the only home he ever owned, a modest frame house on Eighth st.

TRIBUTES OF ILLINOIS STATESMEN.

SHELBY M. CULLOM.

Abraham Lincoln was the most illustrious man of the century in which he lived. He was the greatest man since the days of Washington. The future historian will place them side by side as the father and savior of their country. John Bright said that the life of Lincoln is written in imperishable characters in the history of the great American Republic. Lincoln never showed pride in his political elevation which was not based on the belief that he might benefit the people. His great desire was to benefit his people, the country, and mankind. The life of Lincoln belongs to the world. No State or nation can claim him as its own.

JAMES R. MANN.

When Lincoln was inaugurated the nation was without money or credit. The army was disrupted and the navy scattered and useless. Credit was restored, abundance of money was obtained, the army was reorganized and increased to vast proportions, a navy was built for effective use, and the most gigantic rebellion of all times defeated. Such results could be accomplished only by the rapid work of stupendous genius at the head of affairs. Tyrants or men of iron usually succeed best under such circumstances. But the loveliness of Lincoln's character is shown by the fact that at the end of the rebellion he was beloved by the people of the North and respected by the people in the rebellious South. As the years recede we can see better the loftiness of his grandeur, though we are still too close to realize fully the great height to which his soul reached in life. Washington and Lincoln! What nation can match them in all history?

HENRY S. BOUTELL.

Every one who visits Lincoln Park in Chicago is impressed by the simple majesty of its statue of Lincoln. The artist has succeeded in representing in imperishable bronze the strongest traits of Lincoln's character.

If you stand before it when a northeast storm is beating upon it, as the storms of political rage and hate beat upon President Lincoln during the years of his sorest trials, this statue will speak to you of his stern integrity, his rugged independence, his tireless patience, his iron fortitude, and through the roar of the storm you may hear again the calm, solemn words spoken by him on one of the darkest days of 1864:

"If it were not for my firm belief in an overruling providence it would be difficult for me, in the midst of such complications of affairs, to keep my reason on its seat."

But there is one phase of Lincoln's character that this statue expresses at all times, and this is Lincoln's deep sense of the seriousness of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. To a class of law students in 1850 he said: "Resolve to be honest, at all events; and if in your judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer resolve to be honest without being a lawyer." And in the earnestness of purpose with which Lincoln discharged his duties as a private citizen and as a public officer he set an example of civic virtue. This is a flippant age. There is a growing tendency to treat bribery and corruption as the themes for jest instead of the objects of fierce denunciation. Lincoln's whole earnest life was a mighty protest against this indifferent, selfish, flippant view of the obligations of citizenship.

ALBERT J. HOPKINS.

In early manhood Lincoln was transplanted from Kentucky to Indiana and then over to the broad prairies of Illinois. His life until he located at Springfield differed little from that of any other early settler. And yet, as we go back over the years that intervened from the time that he first became a resident of Illinois to the time when he attracted the attention of his fellow-citizens and became the leader of a great political organization, we can see the weird influences that the limitless prairies of the State exerted over his sensitive nature. It was an influence that developed the better part of his manhood and made him a character difficult to understand. The notion is prevalent in this country, and especially in the cultured East, that no man can be great in all that the term implies without having received the benefit of a higher education. This is a great mistake. Lincoln would have been spoiled in the schools. The world was his university and the men whom he met in daily conflict in the courts were the professors who taught him. When Wendell Phillips learned of his nomination for President by the Republican party he inquired in indignant tones: "Who is this huckster and why is a county court lawyer selected over the distinguished statesman from New York?" And yet at that moment there is no doubt whatever he was the best qualified man for that exalted office among all the candidates whose names were presented at that convention. Many of the most careful students of our political history believe that had any other man than Mr. Lincoln been elected President in 1860 the confederates would have been successful and the republic would have been destroyed.

If there be a destiny which controls the affairs of men, Lincoln certainly was a child of fortune. His remarkable, if not wonderful, career cannot be squared with any tests that are applied to the average man, be he ever so eminent. I sometimes think in contemplating the life and character of this remarkable man that Henry Watterson is correct when he asserts he was inspired.

GEORGE W. PRINCE.

Mr. Lincoln was easily the foremost character of the century in which he lived. Wherein was his greatness? It consisted of his knowledge of human kind and his sympathy for his race. He was plain, he was honest, he was approachable; he had enough education to meet every duty which he had to perform, but above and beyond this he possessed the heart which was approachable and ever beat in sympathy with the humble and the lowly. Today, perhaps, we may have men who have greater head power, but none of them possesses his heart power. The power of love and sympathy is stronger than the power of intellect and education. Mr. Lincoln possessed in a preëminent degree common sense and heart power.

B. F. MARSH.

It was said by Solomon: "There is nothing new under the sun," and, applied to Abraham Lincoln, it is certainly true that nothing can be said of him that has not been said. The one characteristic of the man that has most impressed me was the simplicity of his life and the completeness with which he always recognized the full "Brotherhood of man."

THOMAS M. JETT.

The impress of Lincoln on our institutions will only pass away with them; there will not come a time while they live but that any American citizen would be glad to say more of him if by so doing more luster could be added to the name of this illustrious American. Lincoln was an American—no caste, no coat of arms, no eminence of birth. To pull him out of birth obscure, notwithstanding, it has pleased a respectable number of writers of his life to undertake the task of tracing his ancestry to the house of Lincoln, in the hope that they might weave into his life an escutcheon, thinking to add greatness to his name, but all failed, as they should.

JOSEPH G. CANNON.

For hundreds of years among English-speaking people those who have accomplished most in administration, in legislation, in literature, and in science have come from the great masses of the people and were of the people. In their leadership they have generally met with the greatest resistance while they were in action, frequently losing their lives in the performance of their duty and because of their leadership. Abraham Lincoln was of this class of men. In less than a generation there is not one individual to be found who does not hold in grateful remembrance the character and the services of this man of the people. In the progress of the race other great conquests will come and other great leaders will be found. The fidelity and achievements of Mr. Lincoln will strengthen all the people in these contests and be ever present as an inspiration to those trusted with power to follow his example.

VESPASIAN WARNER.

Abraham Lincoln was purely an American and the greatest man of our time. With the ripening of our knowledge, it more clearly appears that he was created for his great mission. His life and training, his hardships and trials, were but the preparation of the man for the mighty tasks before him; and, in the light of all he said and did, it can hardly be doubted he anticipated the high place he was to take among men. His life is a romance, a sermon, an inspiration, and a star of hope for all who may come after him under the government he saved and strengthened. It tells the poorest, most humble, and obscure, that, under our institutions and principles, no door is hopelessly closed against honest worth, ambition, and endeavor.

BEN F. CALDWELL.

I now represent in Congress part of the district which Mr. Lincoln represented as a Whig from 1847 to 1849 in the Thirtieth Congress. I remember quite well that when a small boy I saw Mr. Lincoln after his nomination in his law office, where I went with my father, who employed the firm of which Mr. Lincoln was a member as his attorneys.

The next and only other time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln was in the heat of the campaign, when, at a political gathering on the old State Fair grounds in the west part of the City of Springfield, I saw him carried by a wild and cheering crowd from a carriage to the speaker's platform.

The older residents of Springfield, and for that matter of the entire County of Sangamon, still delight, regardless of party, to repeat many of Mr. Lincoln's quaint sayings and admirably told jokes and anecdotes.

The office desk on which Mr. Lincoln wrote his first inaugural message is to be seen in the Leland Hotel in Springfield, while only three blocks distant from that hotel is the residence occupied by Mr. Lincoln at the time of his election.

While I am a Democrat, and always have been, it affords me great pleasure to say of my predecessor in Congress that, regardless of politics and everything else, the people of Sangamon County and central Illinois who knew Mr. Lincoln loved him for his sociability and revered him for the strength of his convictions and his sterling, everyday, plain, old-fashioned honesty.

While there were those during the war of the rebellion, even in the North, who questioned the propriety of that war, there is not now, I opine, a thinking individual in this nation who will not say that Abraham Lincoln, in his foresight and patriotism, was a worthy successor, in the Presidential line, of the "Father of His Country."

All now appreciate Mr. Lincoln's patriotic determination in engaging in a war which prevented the dissolution of this nation and gave us that which has grown to be the grandest republic the world has ever seen.

As a Democrat, it affords me great pleasure on this anniversary of the natal day of Abraham Lincoln to say, "All hail, savior of this great republic! Let North and South, East and West, join in proclaiming you in value of service to your country only second to George Washington.

GEORGE W. SMITH.

There has been much said about Mr. Lincoln, but nowhere is the man more fully revealed than in the words of his own address at the dedication of the Gettysburg battlefield as one of the silent cities for the nation's heroic dead. I would like to see these words, in permanent and artistic form, hung on the walls of every schoolroom throughout our land, and, better still, I could wish that in the mind of every boy and girl in our country these words could be instilled as a beautiful delineation of a pure and lofty type of patriotism Patriotism can never die while in the hearts of our people are cherished the names of Washington and Lincoln.

JOSEPH V. GRAFF.

It is a just pride which the people of the State of Illinois take in the fact that Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood and had his active career and development on the prairies of the State. Many of his biographers, in order to emphasize his marvelous growth morally and mentally from lowly surroundings to the Chief Magistracy, dwell upon the alleged fact that he was surrounded with Western frontier ignorance, immorality, and lawlessness. There was amidst that early frontier life a morality more of substance than of form, an intelligence not derived from books, and a sense of justice not born of the intricacies of legal literature that no doubt had a large part in laying the foundation for the development of the great heart, conscience, and mental grasp which made up the finally splendid statesmanship of Lincoln. These early surroundings, instead of being given as a contrast and evidence of the wondrous change in him, should be given as one of the prime causes of his final equipment.

JOHN M. PALMER.

In December, 1839, while in Springfield, I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time, but not under circumstances favorable to the formation of intimate personal or political relations between us. He came into the building occupied by the second branch of the Legislature, and made what was called in the language of the times a "Whig speech," in which he assailed the Democratic party with great severity. Mr. Lincoln surprised me by his ability and by his apparent logical frankness. He seemed to concede to his adversary almost everything he could claim, but I observed that he always found means to escape the effect even of his own concessions. His language was simple but exact. His statements were clear, and his arguments must have given great satisfaction to the party he represented. He asserted his propositions with firmness, and supported them in the most effective manner.

It has been said by a great military writer that "a purely defensive war is rarely successful," and so it is with great intellectual contests. Mr. Lincoln entered upon the contest of 1858 without the fullest confidence of even his own supporters. I remember the trepidation of the anti-slavery party occasioned by his celebrated declaration that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." It was expected by many of those who desired his success that he would fail in his contest with Douglas, and it was only after repeated essays that he had given of his power that he established himself in the full confidence of his supporters.

I think it is apparent in the early speeches of Mr. Lincoln that he felt the want of the full confidence of his party adherents, and I think it can be perceived that he grew bolder as he became conscious of his own power, and received a larger portion of the confidence of his friends.

Illingsworth, Nelson

Nelson Illingsworth Thinks The Emancipator The Greatest Man Since Christ.

Gazette Sun 12 10-22

By Nellie Margaret Scanlon.

Gaunt, almost to the point of emaciation, with brooding eyes in which slumbers a fire that awakes when he is enthused until it flames with a clear white light, he looms above one, a shambling but dignified giant. How like some one, how like a figure seen, maybe in the flesh, possibly as an ideal. When he spoke the vaguely sensed picture flashed on the mental screen. His first words did the trick.

"Abraham Lincoln was the greatest man since Christ."

I was startled. It seemed as though Lincoln himself were speaking. It was Nelson Illingworth, the Australian singer, whose striking resemblance to the martyred President has impressed critics almost as much as his dramatic singing.

"Then you too admire Lincoln?" I asked.

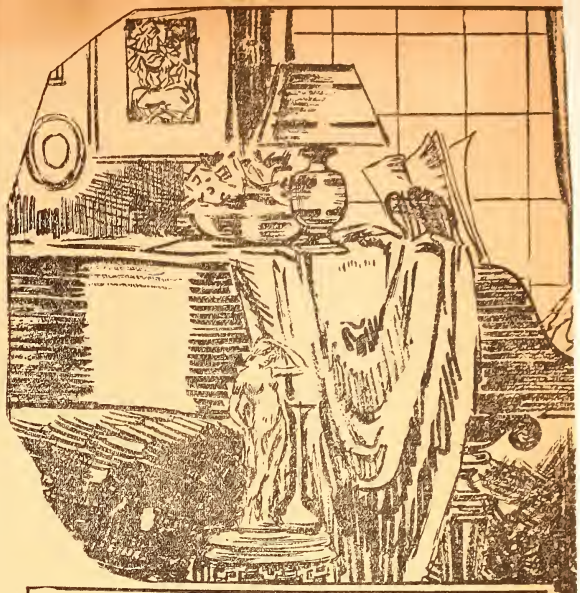
"Don't say admire—that is not the word. Lincoln! He is an inspiration for all peoples and all times."

UP FROM POVERTY.

Illingworth, like Lincoln, has risen on the stepping stones of poverty and hardship. It was his indomitable courage which won for him success in musical New York, where it was said after his first recital: "The individual musical triumph of the week was made by Nelson Illingworth, an unknown singer, who has won from the entire corps of New York musical critics unanimous praise of his art."

From poverty, through privations, misunderstandings and obstructions, he has fought his way. Self-taught, he has broken the canons of the accepted musical credo. Yet New York has put the imprimatur of its approbation upon him. He looks at you with the face of Lincoln, and sings with the art that is his own. What was the source of his inspiration? His mother. But let him tell his own story, a romance from a far country.

Sitting at a window overlooking the Hudson, he clasped and unclasped his long fingers, then brushed back a vagrant strand of hair.



Nelson Illingsworth thinks Lincoln the greatest man since Christ.

Ingersoll, Charles H.

RADIO TALK NUMBER 48 ---- CAN RADIO FANS UNDERSTAND ECONOMICS? ---- CHAS. H. INGERSOLL
1182 BROADWAY, N. Y.C.

AND YOU THINK THIS IS A FOOLISH QUESTION No. 3-11-33? NOT A BIT OF IT; RADIO FANS HAD BETTER GET BUSY AND GET THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION BECAUSE ECONOMICS LIKE TECHNOCRACY IS GETTING INTO AND ONTO THE AIR NOW AND THERE'S TOO MANY OF YOU FANS, TO HAVE SUCH QUESTIONS GO COMPLETELY OVER YOUR HEADS.

ECONOMICS, EVEN IF YOU DON'T YET KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, INVOLVES YOUR MOST VITAL EVERY DAY AFFAIRS AND IT IS REALLY VERY IMPORTANT THAT YOU LEARN WHAT THE WORD MEANS, AND THEN--WHAT ABOUT IT. THE FACT THAT RADIO AUDIENCES ARE NOT STRONG FOR LECTURES AND DO FAVOR AMOS 'N' ANDY, CROONING AND JAZZ, DOES NOT NECESSARILY MEAN THAT THEY HAVE TO LEAVE ALL THEIR AFFAIRS TO HIGHBROWS, INTELLIGENTSIA, AND BRAIN TRUSTS FOR SOLUTION AND EXECUTION.

AND THERE'S A PARTICULAR REASON WHY ECONOMICS IS ONE OF THE THINGS FOR YOU AT LEAST TO CHECK YOUR LEADERS UP, ON. BESIDES BEING SO VITAL TO YOU, THE SUBJECT IS THE MOST MAN-HANDLED OF ANY, BY YOUR CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES IN BUSINESS, FINANCE, POLITICS, AND EDUCATION; WHICH IS A POLITE WAY OF TELLING YOU THAT THEY KNOW EVEN LESS ABOUT IT THAN YOU. AND THEY ARE IN A MUCH WORSE POSITION THAN YOU. THEY ARE FULL OF PRUNE JUICE ABOUT ECONOMICS, THAT THEY WOULD HAVE TO GET RID OF, BEFORE THEY STARTED TO LEARN, WHEREAS YOU ARE ALL READY TO START FROM SCRATCH! YOUR HEADS ARE NOT FILLED WITH NONSENSE ON THIS SUBJECT, ANYWAY!

AND FOR FEAR YOU WILL DISCOUNT WHAT I SAY, BY HAVING ME EXCEPT COLLEGE PROFESSORS OR WHAT ARE OFTEN CALLED EDUCATORS, I INSIST ON MAKING NO EXCEPTION OF THEM: IN FACT, THEY ARE WORSE TANGLED UP IN THEIR OWN SOPHISTRIES AND FALLACIES THAN ANYONE.

YOU WOULD ALSO NATURALLY SUSPECT THAT BANKERS AND FINANCIAL LEADERS WOULD KNOW SOMETHING OF ECONOMICS BUT LET ME ASSURE YOU THEY ARE ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL SUCH SUSPICION, EVEN OF KNOWING WHAT THE WORD MEANS. AND AS SUPPORTING EVIDENCE, I MIGHT MENTION THE FAILURE OF ABOUT 10,000 BANKS IN THE PAST 10 OR 15 YEARS.

OF COURSE, I HAVE TO FEEL A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE JUST HERE, KNOWING YOU ARE SMART ENOUGH TO WONDER IF I KNOW MY ECONOMICS, SINCE I SEEM TO DENY THAT ANYONE ELSE DOES: BUT I CAN ANSWER YOU, THAT MY VIEWS ARE NOT MINE AT ALL, BUT THOSE OF THE GREATEST ECONOMISTS AND STATESMEN OF ALL TIME AND YOU CAN CHECK MY AUTHORITIES ALL YOU WANT TO, THEY ARE, IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER:-- MOSES, THE FRENCH PHYSIOCRATS, DAVID RICARDO, WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, FRANKLIN, ADAM SMITH, JEFFERSON, LINCOLN, JOHN STEWART MILL, HENRY GEORGE, AND TOLSTOY.

THE EDUCATORS ARE THE ONES I'M SOREST ON, FOR MESSING UP THIS SUBJECT, FOR WE ARE PAYING THEM HANDSOMELY TO KNOW THINGS AND TEACH THEM AND WE GIVE THEM MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF FACILITIES AND SHOULD GET RESULTS. HOWEVER, LET'S FORGET THEM AND ALL THE OTHERS AND GO ABOUT THE JOB OURSELVES, AND SEE IF IT IS SO OBSCURE AND COMPLICATED AS THEY MAKE OUT IT IS.

WE'VE JUST BEEN 4 YEARS IN, AND ARE STILL IN, A CONDITION OF DISTRESS THAT SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT TO THE TOP ANY LATENT IDEAS AND SOLUTIONS, IF OUR LEADERS HAVE ANY INSIDE THEIR ORGANISMS, AND THE FACT THAT WE ARE STILL IN IT, WITH NOTHING EVEN CLAIMING TO BE A CURE IN SIGHT,--I CONSIDER PLENTY OF EVIDENCE THAT WE FANS, HAVE JUST GOT TO TKAE CARE OF OURSELVES AND NOT WAIT ANY LONGER FOR THE TREMENDOUS BIG FELLOWS TO PULL US OUT--AND MORE PARTICULARLY--TO KEEP US OUT.

WELL WHAT IS--OR ARE--ECONOMICS? OR POLITICAL ECONOMY? WEBSTER SAYS IT IS THE SCIENCE RELATING TO THE PRODUCTION, DISTRIBUTION AND CONSUMPTION OF WEALTH. WE CAN SIMPLIFY THAT BY SAYING IT IS THE MAKING, SELLING, AND EATING OR WEARING OUT, OF EVERYTHING PEOPLE WANT. AND SO SIMPLIFIED, IT BECOMES A SUBJECT WITHIN THE SCOPE OF A RADIO AUDIENCE, DOESN'T IT?

RIGHT HERE, LET ME SAY IF I DID NOT KNOW THIS WAS A VERY SIMPLE, PLAIN, ORDINARY, EVERYDAY SUBJECT I'D NOT BE TALKING TO YOU ABOUT IT, FIRST, BECAUSE I COULDN'T EXPLAIN IT, AND NEXT, BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT. IT'S BECAUSE I FIND IT VERY EASY TO EXPLAIN, THAT I KNOW IT WILL BE EASY FOR YOU TO GRASP.

THANK GOODNESS, RADIO FANS HAVE HORSE SENSE AND KNOW HOW TO USE IT AND IT IS TO THAT HORSE SENSE MY APPEAL WILL BE ADDRESSED. ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU WILL LET YOUR ORDINARY JUDGMENT, JUST AS YOU APPLY IT TO YOUR EVERY DAY AFFAIRS, GUIDE YOU IN DECIDING FOR YOURSELF THE CORRECTNESS OF EVERYTHING I TELL YOU.

WELL, MAKING THINGS; THAT IS OUR FIRST CONCERN--THEN SELLING--THEN CONSUMING--LET'S KEEP THAT CLEAR; --IN FACTORIES, IN MINES, ON THE FARMS AND EVERYWHERE. THAT MUST MEAN ANY KIND OF LABOR, DOING ANYTHING ANYWHERE. NOW, A PROFESSOR WITH SEVERAL HANDLES ON HIS NAME WOULD PERHAPS TELL YOU THAT YOU HAD TO BE ACTUALLY TURNING THE THINGS OUT WITH THE MACHINES OR DIGGING THEM OUT OF THE EARTH BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE ECONOMICS. WHATEVER YOU ARE DOING, EVEN IF KEEPING BOOKS IN A SKYSCRAPER OR COUNTING OUT MONEY IN A BANK, THAT IS "WEALTH PRODUCTION"--YOU ARE A NECESSARY PART OF THAT PROCESS: OR OF THE NEXT STAGE:--

DISTRIBUTION OR SELLING AND DELIVERING: AND THAT IS REALLY A PART OF PRODUCTION OR MAKING. YOU CANTT DRAW THE LINE BETWEEN THEM. DISTRIBUTION IS GETTING THE THINGS THAT ARE MADE, TO THE CONSUMER THAT EATS THEM OR USES THEM UP SOMEHOW. AND THAT COMPLETES THE DEFINITION OF ECONOMICS OR POLITICAL ECONOMY. MAKING--SELLING--CONSUMING. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO THE LIFE THAT YOU ARE A PART OF. THERE MAY BE SOME QUESTION WHETHER YOU ARE ON THE MAKING OR SELLING END, BUT YOU ARE ALL CONSUMERS.

WELL, WHAT'S THE NEXT IMPORTANT THING TO KNOW ABOUT ECONOMICS? I THINK IT'S THIS:-- WHAT ARE WE LIVING FOR AND WHAT RULES ARE WE LIVING UNDER? WELL, IT SEEMS TO ME WITHOUT ANY EXCESS OF PATRIOTISM, IT'S FAIR TO REFER TO OUR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FOR OUR GUIDE. THE WORDS "LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS". THAT'S WHAT WE ARE ENTITLED TO AND ALL WE NEED.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

HUMANLY, THE QUESTION CENTERS AROUND OUR STATUS AS PRODUCERS, AS MAKERS OF THINGS, SELLERS, DELIVERERS AND CONSUMERS, ALL IS JAKE. HOW CAN WE PRODUCE AND LIVE AND BE FREE AND HAPPY? EVERY OTHER CONCEIVABLE QUESTION MUST BE SUBORDINATED TO THAT.

I WON'T TAKE TIME TO SCHEDULE THE POINTS OF OUR FAILURE IN THE PAST 4 YEARS TO EVEN APPROXIMATE OUR AIMS, TO GET ANYTHING BUT BARE LIFE, FORGETTING LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. THE FAILURES ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION, AND TOO TRAGIC TO DESCRIBE. THESE PERIODS OF BUSINESS DEPRESSION, UNEMPLOYMENT AND PAUPERIZATION COME TOO OFTEN AND STAY TOO LONG TO GIVE ANY BASE ON WHICH TO REST A DEFENSE OF OUR ALLEGED CIVILIZATION. AND SO WE MAY AS WELL LABEL IT BAD, AND GET TO OUR ECONOMICS AND SEE WHAT ITS ANSWER IS.

WE MUST AVOID THE MISTAKE OF OUR WISACRES--OR WISE GUYS--WHO TREAT OUR SLUMPS AS A PHENOMENON OR FREAK--AS STRANGE AND UNACCOUNTABLE:--ECONOMICS CANNOT AMOUNT TO MUCH IF IT DOES NOT TAKE A CONDITION LIKE OURS OUT OF THE MYSTERY ZONE, MAKING PLAIN ITS CAUSE AND THEREFORE ITS CURE.

HOW SHALL WE, AS PRODUCERS, POSSESS AND ENJOY OUR PRODUCT, AND THE LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS THAT IT SHOULD CONFER AND CERTAINLY WOULD, IF HANDLED RIGHT!

WE ARE CONSCIOUS OF BEING LIBERAL PRODUCERS, FAST WORKERS, IN FACT. IF WE WERE NOT, TECHNOCRATS WOULD REMIND US OF IT. THEY SAY THAT PRODUCTION HAS MULTIPLIED IN HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS OF TIMES IN THE PAST HUNDRED YEARS OR SO: THAT IN FACT, OUR PRODUCTION IS SO GREAT, THAT IT HAS SO OUTRUN DEMAND--OR BUYING POWER AT LEAST--THAT IT HAS BROUGHT ON OUR CONDITION OF SHUT DOWN FACTORIES AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

SO WE MAY PEG OUR UNDERSTANDING THAT THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH OUR PRODUCTION. THAT WE ARE EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL AT MAKING THINGS: AND WE ARE ALMOST EQUALLY EFFICIENT AT SELLING OR DISTRIBUTION OF PRODUCTS. THEN WHERE MUST OUR WEAKNESS BE. WE ARE POOR, HUNGRY AND COLD AMID AN EXCESS PRODUCTION OF COMFORTS OF LIFE, FOOD, CLOTHES AND HOUSING.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH WHAT IS DONE WITH OUR OUTPUT AS EXPRESSED IN PROFIT--WEALTH SURPLUS. WE, THE PRODUCERS CANNOT BE GETTING OUR SHARE OR WE COULD NOT SUFFER. AND, SO THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO: TO CHECK OVER THAT PROCESS OF PRODUCTION, FINDING WHAT THE FACTORS ARE AND HOW THE GAME IS WORKING.

THE SOCIALISTS SAY THAT MEN AND MACHINES PRODUCE WEALTH AND THE MACHINES BEING OWNED BY CAPITALISTS, GET AWAY WITH MOST OF THE PRODUCE AND LEAVE THE MEN TO STARVE. SO, THEIR VERY PLAUSIBLE AND SIMPLE REMEDY IS TO TAKE OVER THE MACHINES, AND ALL CAPITAL, AND RUN THEM BY THE GOVERNMENT, FOR THE PROFIT OF ALL.

BUT THE DEMOCRATIC SCHOOL OF ECONOMISTS , STATESMEN AND PHILOSOPHERS, I HAVE NAMED, OF WHOM THERE ARE NONE AMONG THE SOCIALISTS, MAKE A MUCH STRONGER TO ME, THAN KARL MARX, THE AUTHOR OF SOCIALISM. AND THIS IS THEIR STATEMENT OF FACT AND THEORY:--PRODUCTION--WHICH WE WILL CALL MAKING THINGS--IS DONE BY 2 MAIN FACTORS, LAND AND LABOR--MACHINES AND CAPITAL ARE A SUBDIVISION OF LABOR.

LAND CONTAINS ALL THE RAW MATERIAL FROM WHICH EVERYTHING IS MADE AND, UNDER THE COMPETITION OF LABOR FOR ITS USE, IT BECOMES VERY VALUABLE AND HIGH PRICED AND IS MONOPOLIZED.

AND HERE IS THE KEY TO ECONOMICS THAT RADIO FANS SHOULD HOLD FAST TO, AS IT OPENS THE DOOR OF EASY UNDERSTANDING, THAT WILL MAKE THEM FREE!

THE EARTH IS THE FIRST FACTOR IN MAKING THINGS, AND YOU ARE THE MAKERS OF THINGS--THE WORKERS--AND SO THE EARTH OR LAND IS YOUR REAL EMPLOYER. YOUR JOBS COME FROM THE LAND: OR IF YOU ARE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE A CAPITALIST OR EMPLOYER, YOUR SOURCE OF INVESTMENT OF YOUR CAPITAL, IS THE EARTH.

SO, TO EVERYONE, THE EARTH IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANYTHING ELSE--ANYTHING ON THE EARTH. AND WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THE LAND OF U. S. A. IS WORTH 170 BILLIONS, AND ALL OTHER WEALTH ON THE LAND ONLY A FEW BILLIONS MORE, OR 183 BILLIONS, YOU'LL BE SURPRISED. AND WHEN I REMIND YOU THAT WHILE YOU HAVE GIVEN THIS LAND ALL ITS GREAT VALUE, THAT YOU DON'T OWN IT, YOU MAY FEEL FAINT.

AND THAT BEING TRUE YOU ARE OUT JUST ABOUT HALF OF WHAT BELONGS TO YOU. NOW WE ARE COMING TO THE POINT OF THE GRADEN VARIETY OF RADIO FAN ECONOMICS WHICH IS THE FINEST BRAND IN EXISTENCE BECAUSE IT IS REAL AND TRUE AND SIMPLE!

NO PEOPLE CAN SURVIVE ON HALF ITS INCOME. TO SURVIVE IN "LIFE, LIBERTY AND PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" A PEOPLE MUST HAVE THE INCOME FROM ALL ITS PROPERTY; WHAT IT OWNS PRIVATELY AND WHAT IT OWNS COLLECTIVELY. WE, THE PEOPLE OF U. S. A. NOW OWN AND GET THE INCOME FROM ONLY THE 183 BILLIONS OF PRIVATE WEALTH AND WE LET LAND RACKETEERS GET AWAY WITH THE 170 BILLIONS OF LAND VALUES, AND ITS INCOME OF LAND RENT OF 13½ BILLION A YEAR.

AND THE REMEDY IS ALSO SIMPLE ENOUGH FOR FANS TO SEE:--

TAKE THE 13½ BILLIONS OF LAND RENT AND PAY OUR TAX BUDGETS, NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL, WHICH ARE ABOUT 12½ BILLION. THIS WILL DISPLACE THIS AMOUNT OF TAXES THAT ARE NOW A DEAD WEIGHT TO INDUSTRY AND LABOR AND THE CONSUMER, CAUSING OUR UNEMPLOYED MILLIONS AND OUR PAUPERIZATION.

SO, I HOPE YOU WILL ALL VOTE YES TO MY QUESTION "CAN RADIO FANS UNDERSTAND ECONOMICS?". WON'T YOU WRITE ME YOUR VOTE CARE OF THIS STATION ON A POSTAL?

IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND TELL ME SO--AND WHY.

LINCOLN

IT IS the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man

He knew no fear, except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a Nation.

He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the greatest Civil War. He is the gentlest memory of our world.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Jan-1929

Principles and Memory of Lincoln America's Defense Against Disruptive Influences.

In a notable tribute to Abraham Lincoln, Robert G. Ingersoll called him "the one hero of American history of whom the last word shall never be written."

On this, the 110th anniversary of the birth of the great leader, Ingersoll's estimate of Lincoln is invested with the meaning of a prophecy by the events that are shaping the course of our national life.

Abraham Lincoln was peculiarly the product of the civilization and the spiritual fabric of the American people. Essentially a man of the people, sprung from the soil and nourished by the traditions of the founders, Lincoln was in a superlative degree the child and champion of American democracy.

His rugged strength, his lanky person, his shrewd capacity to estimate men and events, his homely humor—even his crag-like features, rough-hewn like the profile of a mountain—were the expression of the power, the courage, the fighting capacity of the race that had conquered a continent in a century.

In these days of unrest and forgetfulness of the moral grandeur of our past, when false leaders of the people are springing up at every street corner and brazening forth their demagogic platitudes from every soap-box, it is well to turn our eyes to the high mountain that was Lincoln; to recall the things for which Lincoln stood, which he accomplished, for which he died, as truly a martyr as any soldier who ever fell on the field of battle.

To Lincoln the duty of transmitting unbroken and unshaken the mighty structure that the fathers had builded was the supreme task.

To Lincoln the traditions of freedom, of justice and of opportunity which the founders had established were the gospel of life.

We hear much in these fateful days of the "melting pot." We hear much of the ultimate product of the great merger of races, opinions and traditions that is going on under the American flag.

It will be an evil day for America and for the world if the product of the melting pot should be of baser metal than the metal which the fathers put into it; if the ultimate dominant type in America should be made up of the dross in the melting pot.

We need constantly to remember, as Lincoln remembered, that our national life must be kept up to the level which the hardy pioneers of America marked out for all generations to come.

We need constantly to strive, as Lincoln strove and mightily succeeded, for the maintenance of the best and noblest traditions of the race.

America stands ready, as she always has stood ready, to give freedom, opportunity and happiness to the oppressed, the submerged and the unhappy of all lands.

But the oppressed, the submerged and the unhappy who find freedom, opportunity and happiness under our flag must live up to the traditions of the country that gives them protection and asylum.

If they attempt to lower our moral and political standards or raise impious hands against the Ark of our Covenant, they must be treated as enemies. America is no place for the foes of order and the contemners of government.

The new alien strains must rise to our level.

They cannot and will not be permitted to drag us down to theirs.

Every act in Lincoln's public life shows that if he were living to-day, his mighty influence would be cast on the side of those agencies, those policies and those national endeavors that are directed at the suppression of the subversive tendencies that are becoming painfully apparent in our national life, and at the maintenance of the tradition which he so triumphantly upheld in all the bitter struggle from Fort Sumter to Appomattox.

To strengthen our hearts, keep our vision clear and our feet firmly planted upon the solid ground of veritles, we need to remember Lincoln.

We need to remember the leader who was a leader and not a demagogue; the man whose eyes were ever free from the mists of delusion; the man whose typically American personality served as the focusing point for the will and resolve of the American people.

We need to remember Lincoln for all time, that we may carry on with unflinching courage and unfaltering vigor the great task of nation-building to which he devoted his life from the homely pioneer fireside in Illinois to the darkened chamber in Washington in which, dying, he bequeathed a precious heritage to all Americans as long as the world shall endure.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Abraham Lincoln.

Eighty-four years ago to-day, two babes were born—one in the woods of Kentucky, amid the hardships and poverty of pioneers; one in England, surrounded by wealth and culture. One was educated in the University of Nature, the other at Oxford.

One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor, with the emancipation of millions, with the salvation of the Republic. He is known to us as Abraham Lincoln.

The other broke the chains of superstition and filled the world with intellectual light, and he is known as Charles Darwin.

Because of these two men the Nineteenth Century is illustrious.

A few men and women make a nation glorious—Shakespeare made England immortal, Voltaire civilized and humanized France, Goethe, Schiller, and Humboldt lifted Germany into the light. Angelo, Raphael, Galileo and Bruno crowned with fadeless laurels the Italian brow, and now the most precious treasure of the Great Republic is the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Every generation has its heroes, its iconoclasts, its pioneers, its ideals. The people always have been and still are divided, at least into two classes—the many, who with their backs to the sunrise worship the past; and the few, who keep their faces towards the dawn—the many, who are satisfied with the world as it is; the few, who labor and suffer for the future, for those to be, and who seek to rescue the oppressed, to destroy the cruel distinctions of caste, and to civilize mankind.

Yet it sometimes happens that the liberator of one age becomes the oppressor of the next. His reputation becomes so great—he is so revered and worshiped—that his followers, in his name, attack the hero who endeavors to take another step in advance.

The heroes of the Revolution, forgetting the justice for which they fought, put chains upon the limbs of others, and in their names the lovers of liberty were denounced as ingrates and traitors.

In our country there were for many years two great political parties, and each of these parties had conservatives and extremists. The extremists of the Democratic party were in the rear and wished to go back; the extremists of the Republican party were in the front and wished to go forward. The extreme Democrat was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of slavery, and the extreme Republican was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of liberty.

Neither party could succeed without the votes of its extremists.

This was the political situation in 1860.

The extreme Democrats would not vote for Douglas, but the extreme Republicans did vote for Lincoln. Lincoln occupied the middle ground, and was the compromise candidate of his own party. He had lived for many years in the intellectual territory of compromise—in a part of our country settled by Northern and Southern men—where Northern and Southern ideas met, and the ideas of the two sections were brought together and compared.

The sympathies of Lincoln, his ties of kindred, were with the South. His convictions, his sense of justice, and his ideals, were with the North. He knew the horrors of slavery, and he felt the unspeakable ecstacies and glories of freedom. He had the kindness, the gentleness, of true greatness, and he could not have been a master; he had the manhood and independence of true greatness, and he could not have been a slave. He was just, and was incapable of putting a burden upon others that he himself would not willingly bear.

He was merciful and profound, and it was not necessary for him to read the history of the world to know that liberty and slavery could not live in the same nation, or in the same brain. Lincoln was a statesman. And there is this difference between a politician and a statesman. A politician schemes and works in every way to make the people do something for him. The statesman wishes to do something for the people. With him place and power are means to an end, and the end is the good of his country.

The Republic had reached a crisis.

The conflict between liberty and slavery could no longer be delayed. For three-quarters of a century the forces had been gathering for the battle.

After the Revolution, principle was sacrificed for the sake of gain. The Constitution contradicted the Declaration. Liberty as a principle was held in contempt. Slavery took possession of the Government. Slavery made the laws, corrupted courts, dominated presidents and demoralized the people.

In 1840, when Harrison and Van Buren were candidates for the Presidency, the Whigs of Indiana issued a circular giving reasons for the election of Harrison and the defeat of Van Buren. The people of Indiana were advised to vote against Van Buren because he, when a member of the New York Legislature, had voted to enfranchise colored men who had property to the extent of two hundred and fifty dollars. This was the crime of Van Buren.

The reason why the people should support Harrison was that he had signed eleven petitions to make Indiana a slave State.

Mr. Douglas voiced the feeling of the majority when he declared that he did not care whether slavery was voted up or down.

From the hights of philosophy—standing above the contending hosts, above the prejudices, the sentimentalities of the day—Lincoln was great enough and brave enough and wise enough to utter these prophetic words:

> A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all the one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it further until it becomes alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

This declaration was the standard around which gathered the grandest political party the world has ever seen, and this declaration made Lincoln the leader of that vast host.

In this, the first great crisis, Lincoln uttered the victorious truth that made him the foremost man in the Republic.

The people decided at the polls that a house divided against itself could not stand, and that slavery had cursed soul and soil enough.

It is not a common thing to elect a really great man to fill the highest official position. I do not say that the great presidents have been chosen by accident. Probably it would be better to say that they were the favorites of a happy chance.

The average man is afraid of genius. He feels as an awkward man feels in the presence of a sleight-of-hand performer. He admires and suspects. Genius appears to carry too much sail—lacks prudence, has too much courage. The ballast of dullness inspires confidence.

By a happy chance Lincoln was nominated and elected in spite of his fitness—and the patient, gentle, and just and loving man was called upon to bear as great a burden as man has ever borne.

II.

Then came another crisis—the crisis of Secession, and Civil War.

Again Lincoln spoke the deepest feeling and the highest thought of the Nation. In his first message he said:

> The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.

He also showed conclusively that the North and South, in spite of secession, must remain face to face—that physically they could not separate—that they must have more or less commerce, and that this commerce must be carried on, either between the two sections as friends, or as aliens:

This situation and its consequences he pointed out to absolute perfection in these words:

> Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among other friends?

After having stated fully and fairly the philosophy of the conflict, after having said enough to satisfy any calm and thoughtful mind, he addressed himself to the hearts of America. Probably there are few finer passages in literature than the close of Lincoln's inaugural address:

> I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriotic grave to every loving heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

These noble, these touching, these pathetic words, were delivered in the presence of rebellion, in the midst of spies and conspirators—surrounded by but few friends, most of whom were unknown, and some of whom were wavering in their fidelity—at a time when secession was arrogant and organized, when patriotism was silent, and when, to quote the expressive words of Lincoln himself, "Sinners were calling the righteous to repentance."

When Lincoln became President, he was held in contempt by the South—underrated by the North and East—not appreciated even by his cabinet—and yet he was not only one of the wisest, but one of the shrewdest of mankind. Knowing that he had the right to enforce the laws of the Union in all parts of the United States and Territories—knowing, as he did, that the secessionists were in the wrong, he also knew that they had sympathizers not only in the North but in other lands.

Consequently he felt that it was of the utmost importance that the South should fire the first shot, should do some act that would solidify the North and gain for us the justification of the civilized world. He so managed affairs that while he was attempting simply to give food to our soldiers, the South commenced hostilities and fired on Sumter.

This course was pursued by Lincoln in spite of the advice of many friends, and yet a wiser thing was never done.

At that time Lincoln appreciated the scope and consequences of the impending conflict. Above all other thoughts in his mind was this:

"This conflict will settle the question, at least for centuries to come, whether man is capable of governing himself, and consequently is of greater importance to the free than to the enslaved."

He knew what depended on the issue and he said:

"We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

III.

Then came a crisis in the North.

It became clearer and clearer to Lincoln's mind, day by day, that the rebellion was slavery, and that it was necessary to keep the border States on the side of the Union. For this purpose he proposed a scheme of emancipation and colonization—a scheme by which the owners of slaves should be paid the full value of what they called their "property." He called attention to the fact that he had adhered to the Act of Congress to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes—that the Union must be preserved, and that, therefore, all indispensable means must be employed to that end.

If, in war, a nation has the right to take the property of its citizens—of its friends—certainly it has the right to take the property of those it has the right to kill.

He knew that if the border States agreed to gradual emancipation, and received compensation for their slaves, they would be forever lost to the Confederacy, whether secession succeeded or not. It was objected at the time, by some, that the scheme was far too expensive; but Lincoln, wiser than his advisers—far wiser than his enemies—demonstrated that from an economical point of view, his course was best.

He proposed that $400 be paid for slaves, including men, women, and children. This was a large price, and yet he showed how much cheaper it was to purchase than to carry on the war.

At that time, at the price mentioned, there were about $750,000 worth of slaves in Delaware. The cost of carrying on the war was at least two millions of dollars a day, and for one-third of one day's expenses, all the slaves in Delaware could be purchased. He also showed that all the slaves in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri could be bought, at the same price, for less than the expense of carrying on the war for eighty-seven days.

This was the wisest thing that could have been proposed, and yet such was the madness of the South, such the indignation of the North, that the advice was unheeded.

Again, in July, 1862, he urged on the Representatives of the border States a scheme of gradual compensated emancipation; but the Representatives were too deaf to hear, too blind to see.

Lincoln always hated slavery, and yet he felt the obligations and duties of his position. In his first message he assured the South that the laws, including the most odious of all—the law for the return of fugitive slaves—would be enforced. The South would not hear. Afterwards he proposed to purchase the slaves of the border States, but the proposition was hardly discussed—hardly heard. Events came thick and fast; theories gave way to facts, and everything was left to force.

The extreme Democrat of the North was fearful that slavery might be destroyed, that the Constitution might be broken, and that Lincoln, after all, could not be trusted; and at the same time the radical Republican feared that Lincoln loved the Union more than he did liberty.

The fact is that he tried to discharge the obligations of his great office, knowing from the first that slavery must perish. The course pursued by Lincoln was so gentle, so kind and persistent, so wise and logical that millions of Northern Democrats sprang to the defense, not only of the Union.

but of his administration. Lincoln refused to be led or hurried by Fremont or Hunter, by Greeley or Sumner. From first to last he was the real leader, and he kept step with events.

IV.

THE GREATEST CRISIS.

On the 22d of July, 1862, Lincoln called together his cabinet for the purpose of showing the draft of a Proclamation of Emancipation, stating to them that he did not wish their advice, as he had made up his mind.

After the Proclamation was signed Lincoln held it, waiting for some great victory before giving it to the world, so that it might appear to be the child of strength.

This was on the 22d of July, 1862. On the 22d of August of the same year Lincoln wrote his celebrated letter to Horace Greeley, in which he stated that his object was to save the Union; *that he would save it with slavery if he could;* that if it was necessary to destroy slavery in order to save the Union, he would; in other words, he would do what was necessary to save the Union.

This letter disheartened, to a great degree, thousands and millions of the friends of freedom. They felt that Mr. Lincoln had not attained the moral hight upon which they supposed he stood. And yet, when this letter was written, the Emancipation Proclamation was in his hands, and had been for thirty days, waiting only an opportunity to give it to the world.

Some two weeks after the letter to Greeley, Lincoln was waited on by a committee of clergymen, and was by them informed that it was God's will that he should issue a Proclamation of Emancipation. He replied to them, in substance, that the day of miracles had passed. He also mildly and kindly suggested that if it were God's will this Proclamation should be issued, certainly God would have made known that will to him—to the person whose duty it was to issue it.

On the 22d day of September, 1862, the most glorious date in the history of the Republic, the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued.

Lincoln had reached the generalization of all arguments upon the question of slavery and freedom—a generalization that never has been, and probably never will be, excelled:

In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free.

had made a nation, and he did not believe the restoration of the American Union by force attainable.

From the Vatican came words of encouragement for the South.

It was declared that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence.

The Marquis of Salisbury said: "The people of the South are the natural allies of England. The North keeps an opposition shop in the same department of trade as ourselves."

Some of their statesmen declared that the subjugation of the South by the North would be a calamity to the world.

Louis Napoleon was another enemy, and he endeavored to establish a monarchy in Mexico to the end that the great North might be destroyed. But the patience, the uncommon common sense, the statesmanship of Lincoln—in spite of foreign hate and Northern division—triumphed over all. And now we forgive all foes. Victory makes forgiveness easy.

Lincoln was, by nature, a diplomat. He knew the art of sailing against the wind. He had as much shrewdness as is consistent with honesty. He understood, not only the rights of individuals, but of nations. In all his correspondence with other governments he neither wrote nor sanctioned a line which afterwards was used to tie his hands. In the use of perfect English he easily rose above all his advisers and all his fellows.

No one claims that Lincoln did all. He could have done nothing without the great and splendid generals in the field; and the generals could have done nothing without their armies. The praise is due to all—to the private as much as to the officer; to the lowest who did his duty, as much as to the highest.

My heart goes out to the brave private as much as to the leader of the host.

But Lincoln stood at the center and with infinite patience, with consummate skill, with the genius of goodness directed, cheered, consoled, and conquered.

VI.

Slavery was the cause of the war, and slavery was the perpetual stumbling-block. As the war went on question after question arose—questions that could not be answered by theories. Should we hand back the slave to his master, when the master

The Father of waters again goes unvexed to the sea.

This line is worthy of Shakespeare.

Another:

Among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet.

He draws a comparison between the white men against us and the black men for us:

And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue and clenched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it.

Under the influence of this letter, the love of country, of the Union, and above all the love of liberty, took possession of the heroic North.

The Republican party became the noblest organization the world has ever seen.

There was the greatest moral exaltation ever known.

The spirit of liberty took possession of the people. The masses became sublime.

To fight for yourself is good.

To fight for others is grand.

To fight for your country is noble.

To fight for the human race—for the liberty of hand and brain—is nobler still.

As a matter of fact the defenders of slavery had sown the seeds of their own defeat. They dug the pit in which they fell. Clay and Webster and thousands of others, had by their eloquence made the Union almost sacred. The Union was the very tree of life, the source and stream and sea of liberty and law.

For the sake of slavery millions stood by the Union, for the sake of liberty millions knelt at the altar of the Union; and this love of the Union is what, at last, overwhelmed the Confederate hosts.

It does not seem possible that only a few years ago our Constitution, our laws, our Courts, the Pulpit and the Press defended and upheld the institution of slavery—that it was a crime to feed the hungry—to give water to the lips of thirst—shelter to a woman flying from the whip and chain!

The old flag still flies—the stars are there—the stains have gone.

VIII.

Lincoln always saw the end. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the times. He ad-

It is not a common thing to elect a really great man to fill the highest official position. I do not say that the great presidents have been chosen by accident. Probably it would be better to say that they were the favorites of a happy chance.

The average man is afraid of genius. He feels as an awkward man feels in the presence of a sleight-of-hand performer. He admires and suspects. Genius appears to carry too much sail—lacks prudence, has too much courage. The ballast of dullness inspires confidence.

By a happy chance Lincoln was nominated and elected in spite of his fitness—and the patient, gentle, and just and loving man was called upon to bear as great a burden as man has ever borne.

II.

Then came another crisis—the crisis of Secession, and Civil War.

Again Lincoln spoke the deepest feeling and the highest thought of the Nation. In his first message he said:

> The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.

He also showed conclusively that the North and South, in spite of secession, must remain face to face—that physically they could not separate—that they must have more or less commerce, and that this commerce must be carried on, either between the two sections as friends, or as aliens:

This situation and its consequences he pointed out to absolute perfection in these words:

> Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among other friends?

After having stated fully and fairly the philosophy of the conflict, after having said enough to satisfy any calm and thoughtful mind, he addressed himself to the hearts of America. Probably there are few finer passages in literature than the close of Lincoln's inaugural address:

> I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriotic grave to every loving heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

These noble, these touching, these pathetic words, were delivered in the presence of rebellion, in the midst of spies and conspirators—surrounded by but few friends, most of whom were unknown, and some of whom were wavering in their fidelity—at a time when secession was arrogant and organized, when patriotism was silent, and when, to quote the expressive words of Lincoln himself, "Sinners were calling the righteous to repentance."

When Lincoln became President, he was held in contempt by the South—underrated by the North and East—not appreciated even by his cabinet—and yet he was not only one of the wisest, but one of the shrewdest of mankind. Knowing that he had the right to enforce the laws of the Union in all parts of the United States and Territories—knowing, as he did, that the secessionists were in the wrong, he also knew that they had sympathizers not only in the North but in other lands.

Consequently he felt that it was of the utmost importance that the South should fire the first shot, should do some act that would solidify the North and gain for us the justification of the civilized world. He so managed affairs that while he was attempting simply to give food to our soldiers, the South commenced hostilities and fired on Sumter.

This course was pursued by Lincoln in spite of the advice of many friends, and yet a wiser thing was never done.

At that time Lincoln appreciated the scope and consequences of the impending conflict. Above all other thoughts in his mind was this:

"This conflict will settle the question, at least for centuries to come, whether man is capable of governing himself, and consequently is of greater importance to the free than to the enslaved."

He knew what depended on the issue and he said:

"We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

III.

Then came a crisis in the North.

It became clearer and clearer to Lincoln's mind, day by day, that the rebellion was slavery, and that it was necessary to keep the border States on the side of the Union. For this purpose he proposed a scheme of emancipation and colonization—a scheme by which the owners of slaves should be paid the full value of what they called their "property." He called attention to the fact that he had adhered to the Act of Congress to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes—that the Union must be preserved, and that, therefore, all indispensable means must be employed to that end.

If, in war, a nation has the right to take the property of its citizens—of its friends—certainly it has the right to take the property of those it has the right to kill.

He knew that if the border States agreed to gradual emancipation, and received compensation for their slaves, they would be forever lost to the Confederacy, whether secession succeeded or not. It was objected at the time, by some, that the scheme was far too expensive; but Lincoln, wiser than his advisers—far wiser than his enemies—demonstrated that from an economical point of view, his course was best.

He proposed that $400 be paid for slaves, including men, women, and children. This was a large price, and yet he showed how much cheaper it was to purchase than to carry on the war.

At that time, at the price mentioned, there were about $750,000 worth of slaves in Delaware. The cost of carrying on the war was at least two millions of dollars a day, and for one-third of one day's expenses, all the slaves in Delaware could be purchased. He also showed that all the slaves in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri could be bought, at the same price, for less than the expense of carrying on the war for eighty-seven days.

This was the wisest thing that could have been proposed, and yet such was the madness of the South, such the indignation of the North, that the advice was unheeded.

Again, in July, 1862, he urged on the Representatives of the border States a scheme of gradual compensated emancipation; but the Representatives were too deaf to hear, too blind to see.

Lincoln always hated slavery, and yet he felt the obligations and duties of his position. In his first message he assured the South that the laws, including the most odious of all—the law for the return of fugitive slaves—would be enforced. The South would not hear. Afterwards he proposed to purchase the slaves of the border States, but the proposition was hardly discussed—hardly heard. Events came thick and fast; theories gave way to facts, and everything was left to force.

The extreme Democrat of the North was fearful that slavery might be destroyed, that the Constitution might be broken, and that Lincoln, after all, could not be trusted; and at the same time the radical Republican feared that Lincoln loved the Union more than he did liberty.

The fact is that he tried to discharge the obligations of his great office, knowing from the first that slavery must perish. The course pursued by Lincoln was so gentle, so kind and persistent, so wise and logical that millions of Northern Democrats sprang to the defense, not only of the Union,

hut of his administration. Lincoln refused to be led or hurried by Fremont or Hunter, by Greeley or Sumner. From first to last he was the real leader, and he kept step with events.

IV.

THE GREATEST CRISIS.

On the 22d of July, 1862, Lincoln called together his cabinet for the purpose of showing the draft of a Proclamation of Emancipation, asking to them that he did not wish their advice, as he had made up his mind.

After the Proclamation was signed Lincoln held it, waiting for some great victory before giving it to the world, so that it might appear to be the child of strength.

This was on the 22d of July, 1862. On the 22d of August of the same year Lincoln wrote his celebrated letter to Horace Greeley, in which he stated that his object was to save the Union; *that he would save it with slavery if he could;* that if it was necessary to destroy slavery in order to save the Union, he would; in other words, he would do what was necessary to save the Union.

This letter disheartened, to a great degree, thousands and millions of the friends of freedom. They felt that Mr. Lincoln had not attained the moral hight upon which they supposed he stood. And yet, when this letter was written, the Emancipation Proclamation was in his hands, and had been for thirty days, waiting only an opportunity to give it to the world.

Some two weeks after the letter to Greeley, Lincoln was waited on by a committee of clergymen, and was by them informed that it was God's will that he should issue a Proclamation of Emancipation. He replied to them, in substance, that the day of miracles had passed. He also mildly and kindly suggested that if it were God's will this Proclamation should be issued, certainly God would have made known that will to him—to the person whose duty it was to issue it.

On the 22d day of September, 1862, the most glorious date in the history of the Republic, the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued.

Lincoln had reached the generalization of all arguments upon the question of slavery and freedom—a generalization that never has been, and probably never will be, excelled:

In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free.

This is absolutely true. Liberty can be retained, can be enjoyed, only by giving it to others. The spendthrift saves, the miser is prodigal. In the realm of Freedom, waste is husbandry. He who puts chains upon the body of another shackles his own soul. The moment the Proclamation was issued, the cause of the Republic became sacred. From that moment the North fought for the human race. From that moment the North stood under the blue and stars, the flag of Nature—sublime and free.

In 1831 Lincoln saw in New Orleans a colored girl sold at auction. The scene filled his soul with indignation and horror.

Turning to his companion, he said, "Boys, if I ever get a chance to hit slavery, by God I'll hit it hard!"

The helpless girl, unconsciously, had planted in a great heart the seeds of the Proclamation.

Thirty-one years afterwards the chance came, the oath was kept, and to four millions of slaves, of men, women, and children, was restored liberty, the jewel of the soul.

In the history, in the fiction of the world, there is nothing more intensely dramatic than this.

Lincoln held within his brain the grandest truths, and he held them as unconsciously, as easily, as naturally as a waveless pool holds within its stainless breast a thousand stars.

Let us think for one moment of the distance traveled from the first ordinance of secession to the Proclamation of Emancipation.

In 1861 a thirteenth amendment to the Constitution was offered to the South. By this proposed amendment slavery was to be made perpetual. This compromise was refused, and in its stead came the Proclamation. Let us take another step.

In 1865 the thirteenth amendment was adopted. The one proposed made slavery perpetual. The one adopted in 1865 abolished slavery and made the great Republic free forever.

The first state to ratify this amendment was Illinois.

V.

FOREIGN FOES.

We were surrounded by enemies. Many of the so-called great in Europe and England were against us. They hated the Republic, despised our institutions, and sought in many ways to aid the South.

Mr. Gladstone announced that Jefferson Davis had made a nation, and he did not believe the restoration of the American Union by force attainable.

From the Vatican came words of encouragement for the South.

It was declared that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence.

The Marquis of Salisbury said: "The people of the South are the natural allies of England. The North keeps an opposition shop in the same department of trade as ourselves."

Some of their statesmen declared that the subjugation of the South by the North would be a calamity to the world.

Louis Napoleon was another enemy, and he endeavored to establish a monarchy in Mexico to the end that the great North might be destroyed. But the patience, the uncommon common sense, the statesmanship of Lincoln—in spite of foreign hate and Northern division—triumphed over all. And now we forgive all foes. Victory makes forgiveness easy.

Lincoln was, by nature, a diplomat. He knew the art of sailing against the wind. He had as much shrewdness as is consistent with honesty. He understood, not only the rights of individuals, but of nations. In all his correspondence with other governments he neither wrote nor sanctioned a line which afterwards was used to tie his hands. In the use of perfect English he easily rose above all his advisers and all his fellows.

No one claims that Lincoln did all. He could have done nothing without the great and splendid generals in the field; and the generals could have done nothing without their armies. The praise is due to all—to the private as much as to the officer; to the lowest who did his duty, as much as to the highest.

My heart goes out to the brave private as much as to the leader of the host.

But Lincoln stood at the center and with infinite patience, with consummate skill, with the genius of goodness directed, cheered, consoled, and conquered.

VI.

Slavery was the cause of the war, and slavery was the perpetual stumbling-block. As the war went on question after question arose—questions that could not be answered by theories. Should we hand back the slave to his master, when the master was using his slave to destroy the Union? If the South was right slaves were property, and by the laws of war anything that might be used to the advantage of the enemy might be confiscated by us. Events did not wait for discussion. General Butler denominated the negro as a "contraband." Congress provided that the property of the rebels might be confiscated.

Lincoln moved along this line.

Each step was delayed by Northern division, but every step was taken in the same direction.

First, Lincoln offered to execute every law, including the most infamous of all; second, to buy the slaves of the border states; third, to confiscate the property of rebels; fourth, to treat slaves as contraband of war; fifth, to use slaves for the purpose of putting down the rebellion; sixth, to arm these slaves and clothe them in the uniform of the Republic; seventh, to make them citizens, and allow them to stand on an equality with their white brethren under the flag of the Republic.

During all these years, Lincoln moved with the people—with the masses, and every step he took has been justified by the considerate judgment of mankind.

VII.

Lincoln not only watched the war, but kept his hand on the political pulse. In 1863 a tide set in against the administration. A Republican meeting was to be held in Springfield, Illinois, and Lincoln wrote a letter to be read at this convention. It was in his happiest vein. It was a perfect defense of his administration, including the Proclamation of Emancipation. Among other things he said:

But the proclamation, as law, either is valid or it is not void. If it is not void it needs no correction, but if it is valid it cannot be retracted, any more than the dead can be brought to life.

To the Northern Democrats who said they would not fight for negroes, Lincoln replied:

Some of them seem willing for you—but no matter.

Of negro soldiers:

But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us they must be prompted by the strongest motive—even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept.

There is one line in this letter that will give it immortality:

The Father of waters again goes unvexed to the sea.

This line is worthy of Shakespeare.

Another:

Among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet.

He draws a comparison between the white men against us and the black men for us:

And then there will be some black men who can remember that with patriot tongue and clenched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it.

Under the influence of this letter, the love of country, of the Union, and above all the love of liberty, took possession of the heroic North.

The Republican party became the noblest organization the world has ever seen.

There was the greatest moral exaltation ever known.

The spirit of liberty took possession of the people. The masses became sublime.

To fight for yourself is good.

To fight for others is grand.

To fight for your country is noble.

To fight for the human race—for the liberty of hand and brain—is nobler still.

As a matter of fact the defenders of slavery had sown the seeds of their own defeat. They dug the pit in which they fell. Clay and Webster and thousands of others, had by their eloquence made the Union almost sacred. The Union was the very tree of life, the source and stream and sea of liberty and law.

For the sake of slavery millions stood by the Union, for the sake of liberty millions knelt at the altar of the Union; and this love of the Union is what, at last, overwhelmed the Confederate hosts.

It does not seem possible that only a few years ago our Constitution, our laws, our Courts, the Pulpit and the Press defended and upheld the institution of slavery—that it was a crime to feed the hungry—to give water to the lips of thirst—shelter to a woman flying from the whip and chain!

The old flag still flies—the stars are there—the stains have gone.

VIII.

Lincoln always saw the end. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the times. He advanced too rapidly for the conservative politicians, too slowly for the radical enthusiasts. He occupied the line of safety, and held by his personality—by the force of his great character, by his charming candor—the masses on his side.

The soldiers thought of him as a father.

All who had lost their sons in battle felt that they had his sympathy—felt that his face was as sad as theirs. They knew that Lincoln was actuated by one motive, and that his energies were bent to the attainment of one end—the salvation of the Republic.

Success produces envy, and envy often ends in conspiracy.

In 1864 many politicians united against him. It is not for me to criticise their motives or their actions. It is enough to say that the magnanimity of Lincoln towards those who had deserted and endeavored to destroy him, is without parallel in the political history of the world. This magnanimity made his success not only possible, but certain.

During all the years of war Lincoln stood, the embodiment of mercy, between discipline and death. He pitied the imprisoned and condemned. He took the unfortunate in his arms, and was the friend even of the convict. He knew temptation's strength—the weakness of the will—and how in fury's sudden flame the judgment drops the scales, and passion—blind and deaf—usurps the throne.

Through all the years Lincoln will be known as Lincoln the Loving, Lincoln the Merciful.

Lincoln had the keenest sense of humor, and always saw the laughable side even of disaster. In his humor there was logic and the best of sense. No matter how complicated the question, or how embarrassing the situation, his humor furnished an answer, and a door of escape.

Vallandingham was a friend of the South, and did what he could to sow the seeds of failure. In his opinion everything, except rebellion, was unconstitutional.

He was arrested, convicted by a court martial, and sentenced to imprisonment in Fort Warren.

There was doubt about the legality of the trial, and thousands in the North denounced the whole procee ings as tyrannical and infamous. At the same time millions demanded that Vallandingham should be punished.

Lincoln's humor came to the rescue. He disap-

It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

Lincoln was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart: above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech: too much polish suggests insincerity.

The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous speech at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett.

The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature—unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others.

He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows.

He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes.

Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.

As a noble man wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred-dollar bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either of making a display of wealth or a pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

By his candor, by his kindness, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought, and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible, but popular, to be natural. He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly respectable, of the cold and formal.

He wore no official robes either on his body or his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other, or different, from what he really was.

He had the unconscious naturalness of Nature's self.

He built upon the rock. The foundation was secure and broad. The structure was a pyramid, narrowing as it rose. Through days and nights of sorrow, through years of grief and pain, with unswerving purpose, "with malice towards none, with charity for all," with infinite patience, with unclouded vision, he hoped and toiled. Stone after stone was laid, until at last the Proclamation found its place. On that the goddess stands.

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop; but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong.

He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves.

He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned.

With him, men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong.

Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and [illegible] he saw the real—that which is. Beyond all [illegible] policy, compromise and war he saw the end.

He was patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a Nation.

He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince.

He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon.

He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

The foregoing lecture by Col. R. G. Ingersoll is copyrighted, and published in The Truth Seeker by special permission.

Abraham Lincoln. Oration by Robert G. Ingersoll. 6500 words. Truth Seeker, Feb. 25. [75,743]

1895

Ingersoll, Robert

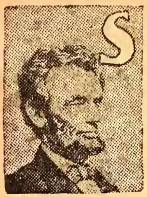
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Robert G. Ingersoll

It is the glory of Lincoln that, having absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy. Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. * * * He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband had been rescued from death. Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

The piatt County Republican
Monticello, Illinois
February 9, 1911

INGERSOLL'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN



STRANGE mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Aesop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man, while through all and over all an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows and no successors. He knew and mingled with men of every kind, and, after all, men are the best books.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge.

Lincoln was a many sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light, and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought.

He was never afraid to ask, never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy. It is the preface, prologue and index to the cunning or the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought, master of the story teller's art, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisee and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist, between what is felt and what is said, between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone, read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm, but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously, and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes.

He knew others because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence.

He knew neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him men were neither great nor small; they were right or wrong. Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end.

He was patient as destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy.

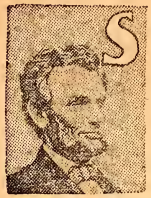
Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

ROBT. G. INGERSOLL.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

Ingersoll, Robert G.

INGERSOLL'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN



STRANGE mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Aesop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man, while through all and over all an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows and no successors. He knew and mingled with men of every kind, and, after all, men are the best books.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge.

Lincoln was a many sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light, and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought.

He was never afraid to ask, never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy. It is the preface, prologue and index to the cunning or the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought, master of the story teller's art, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisee and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist, between what is felt and what is said, between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone, read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm, but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously, and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes.

He knew others because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence.

He knew neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him men were neither great nor small; they were right or wrong. Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end.

He was patient as destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

ROBT. G. INGERSOLL.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

INGERSOLL ON LINCOLN.

Lecture Listened to by a Great Audience at the Olympic.

"On the 13th of February, 1809," Mr. Ingersoll began, "two babes were born, one in the woods of Kentucky, amid the hardships of poverty and pioneers; one in England, surrounded by wealth and culture. One was educated in the university of nature; the other at Cambridge. One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor, with the emancipation of millions, with the salvation of the republic. He is known to us as Abraham Lincoln. (Cheers.) The other conquered darkness and flooded the world with intellectual light, and he is known to us as Charles Darwin. (Cheers.) Both these men were born on the same day, and on account of these men the nineteenth century is illustrious. (Cheers.) Nothing is grander than to strike the shackles from the limbs of men; nothing nobler than to drive from the brain the phantoms of ignorance and superstition. (Cheers.) A nation is not great because it covers vast territory, because its ships cover the sea, because its flags float in all lands, nor yet because of great wealth. A nation to be great must produce men and women of genius. (Cheers.)

And, after all, it requires but a few men and a few women of genius to make a nation great. Shakspeare immortalized England, and if no other Englishman had ever written a line, on account of that man the English blood would be to-night the best literary blood of the world. (Cheers.) Voltaire civilized and humanized France; Goethe and Schiller and Humboldt lifted Germany into the light. Angelo, Raphael, Galileo and Bruno crowned with fadeless laurel the Italian brow; and, if the roster of nations is called, Scotland can answer because of Robert Burns; and to-night the most precious treasure of the great republic is Abraham Lincoln." (Cheers.)

The lecturer then traced the remarkable and varied career of Lincoln, the trials of his early youth, his sincerity as a man, his love of the merciful, his kindness, patience, and tenderness, his humor and his supreme strength in the hour when his country needed a man to guide and lead. He told of his nomination for the Legislature in Illinois, of his speech on the tariff, in which he sowed the seeds of statesmanship, of his contest with Stephen A. Douglas, and of his foresight and determination when the crisis of 1860 was at hand.

"In that supreme moment," Mr. Ingersoll said, "Lincoln used these words: 'A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not permanently endure half slave, half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided.' This declaration made Lincoln the natural leader of that vast host by which he was supported. In this great crisis Lincoln uttered the victorious truth that made him the foremost man in the republic. (Cheers.) The Republican party nominated him for the presidency, and the people decided at the polls that a house divided against itself could not stand, and that slavery had cursed soil and soil enough. (Cheers.) It is not a common thing to elect a really great man a President. (Laughter.) I do not say that the great Presidents have been chosen by accident. Probably it would be better to say that they were the favorites of a happy chance. The average man is afraid of genius. He feels as an ignorant man feels in the presence of a sleight-of-hand performer. He admires, but he suspects. Genius appears to carry too much salt, to lack prudence; it has too much courage. (Cheers.) The ballast of dullness inspires confidence. (Laughter.) By a happy chance, Lincoln was elected in spite of his fitness (laughter), and the patient, just, gentle and loving man was called upon to bear as great a burden as man has ever borne." (Cheers.)

Next, Mr. Ingersoll dealt with the second crisis which Lincoln had to face—the crisis of secession. He quoted the extract from the close of the memorable inaugural address, in which so pathetic an appeal was made to the South, which he described as one of the finest passages in literature. He continued: "These noble words, these touching, these pathetic words, were delivered in the presence of rebellion, in the midst of spies and conspirators, surrounded by but few friends, most of whom were unknown, and some of whom were wavering in their fidelity—at a time when secession was arrogant and organized, when patriotism was silent, and when, to quote the expressive words of Lincoln himself, 'sinners were calling the righteous to repentance.' When Lincoln became President he was held in contempt by the South, underrated by the North and East—not appreciated even by his own Cabinet, and yet he was not only one of the wisest but one of the shrewdest of mankind." (Cheers.) Having glanced at the various acts which proved his statesmanship, even his military skill during the civil war, and his power of feeling the political pulse, he read a letter which he had written to the Convention held at Springfield, Ill., in 1863. "From this he quoted this line, "The father of waters again flows unvexed to the sea," which he said was worthy of Shakspeare as was this line, "Among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet." "Lincoln," he went on, "always saw the end. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the times. (Cheers). He advanced too rapidly for the conservative politicians, too slowly for the radical enthusiasts. (Cheers.) He occupied the line of safety, and held by his morsolality—by the force of his great character, by his charming candor—the masses on his side. (Cheers). All who had lost their sons in battle felt that his face was as sad as theirs. They knew that Lincoln was actuated by one motive, and that his energies were bent to the attainment of one end—the salvation of the republic. (Cheers). They knew that he was kind, sincere and merciful. They knew that in his veins there was no drop of the tyrant's blood. They knew that he used his power to protect the innocent, to save reputation and life (cheers); that he had the brain of a philosopher, the heart of a mother. (Cheers.) During all the years of war Lincoln stood the embodiment of mercy, between discipline and death. He pitied the imprisoned and condemned. He took the unfortunate in his arms and was the friend even of the convict. (Cheers.) He knew temptation's strength, the weakness of the will, and how in fury's sudden flame the judgment drops the scales, and passion, blind and deaf, usurps the throne."

Next the lecturer touched upon Lincoln's humor. He recalled the trial of Vallandigham, a Northern man who was a friend of the South. Vallandigham was tried in Ohio and convicted. A question was raised as to the legality of the trial, and Lincoln's humor came to the rescue. He disapproved of the findings of the Court, changed the punishment and ordered Vallandigham should be sent to his friends in the South under a flag of truce. (Laughter.) Those who regarded the act as unconstitutional forgave it for the sake of its humor.

"Horace Greeley always had the idea that he was greatly superior to Lincoln, because he was taller (an larger-town laughter), and for a long time insisted that the people of the North and the people of the South desired peace. He took it upon himself to lecture Lincoln. Lincoln, with that wonderful sense of humor, united with shrewdness and profound wisdom, told Greeley that, if the South really wanted peace, he (Lincoln) desired the same thing, and was doing all he could to bring it about. Greeley insisted that a commissioner should be appointed, with authority to negotiate with the representatives of the Confederacy. (Laughter.)

"This was Lincoln's opportunity. He authorized Greeley to act as such commissioner. The great editor felt that he was caught. For a time he hesitated, but finally went, and found that the Southern Commissioners were willing to take into consideration any offers of peace that Lincoln might make, consistent with the independence of the Confederacy. (Laughter.) The failure of Greeley was humiliating, and the position in which he was left absurd. Again the humor of Lincoln had triumphed.

"Lincoln, to satisfy a few fault-finders in the North, went to Grant's headquarters and met some Confederate Commissioners. He urged that it was hardly proper for him to negotiate with the representatives who were rebels in arms—that if the South wanted peace, all they had to do was to stop fighting. (Laughter.) One of the Commissioners cited as a precedent the fact that Charles the First negotiated with rebels in arms. To which Lincoln replied that Charles the First lost his head. (Laughter.) The conference came to nothing, as Mr. Lincoln expected.

"The Commissioners, one of them being Alexander H. Stephens, who, when in good health, weighed about 90 pounds, dined with the President and Gen. Grant. After dinner, as they were leaving, Stephens put on an English ulster, the tails of which reached the ground, while the collar was somewhat above the wearer's head. As Stephens went out, Lincoln touched Grant and said: 'Grant, look at Stephens. Did you ever see as little a nubbin with as much shuck?' (Laughter).

"Lincoln always tried to do things in the easiest way. He did not waste his strength. He was not particular about moving along straight lines. He did not tunnel the mountains. He was willing to go around, and reach the end desired as a river reaches the sea." (Cheers.)

After this the speaker touched on Lincoln's statesmanship, and concluded: "Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, as candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thoughts. He was never afraid to ask, never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had a keener wit or a kinder humor." (Cheers.)

It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Possibly that accounts for the present Administration. Humor sees the other side—stands in the mind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most men can tell the things we wish to hear.

He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue and index to the cunning or the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most complex and intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It can not be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart. (Cheers.)

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. (Laughter.) For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakspeare had graduated at Oxford he might have been a quibbling attorney, or a hypocritical parson. (Laughter.)

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous speech at Gettysburg, and then the oration of Edward Everett. The speech of Lincoln will never be forgotten, it will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The oration of Everett will never be read. (Cheers.)

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be generous. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy. (Cheers).

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear, except the fear of doing wrong. (Cheers.) Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation. (Cheers.) He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. (Cheers.)

He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. (Cheers.) He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world. (Loud cheers.)

When Mr. Ingersoll retired the enthusiasm of the vast audience was so great that he was compelled to return to the stage and bow his acknowledgments again and again.

Ingersoll, Col. Robert G.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll: On th 12th of February, 1809, two babe were born—one of the woods of Kentucky, amid the hardships and poverty of pioneers; one in England, surrounded by wealth and culture. One was educated in the University of Nature, the other at Cambridge.

One associated his name with th enfranchisement of labor, with th emancipation of millions, with th salvation of the Republic. He i known to us as Abraham Lincoln.

The other broke the chains o superstition and filled the world wit intelectual light, and he is known a Charles Darwin.

Nothing is grander than to breal chains from the bodies of men—noth ing nobler than to destroy the phan toms of the soul.

Because of these two men the Nine teenth Century is illustrious.

A few men and women make a na tion glorious—Shakespeare made Eng land immortal, Voltaire civilized an humanized France, Goethe, Schill and Humbolt lifted Germany into th light. Angelo, Raphael, Galileo an Bruno crowned with fadeless laur the Italian brow, and now the mos precious treasure of the Great Re public is the memory of Abrahan Lincoln.

Every generation has its heroes, it iconoclasts, its pioneers, its ideal The people always have been and ar still divided, at least into classes—th many, who with their backs to th sunrise worship the past, and the fev who keep their faces toward th dawn—the many, who are satisfie with the world as it is; the few, wh labor and suffer for the future, fo those to be, and who seek to rescu the oppressed, to destroy the crue distinctions of caste, and to civiliz mankind.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A great actor can be known onl when he has assumed the principa character in a great drama. Possibl the greatest actors have never ap peared, and it may be that the great est soldiers have lived the lives o perfect peace. Lincoln assumed th leading part in the greatest dram ever enacted upon the stage of thi continent.

His criticisms of military move ments, his correspondence with hi generals and others on the conduc of the war, show that he was at al times master of the situation—that h was a natural strategist, that he ap preciated the dificulties and advan ages of every kind, and that in "th still and mental" field of war he stoo the peer of any beneath the flag.

Had McClelland followed his ad vice, he would have taken Richmon

Had Hooker acted in accordanc with his suggestions. Chancellorsvil would have been a victory for th Nation.

Lincoln's political phophecies wer all fulfiled.

We know now that he not onl stood at the top, but that he occupied the centre, from first to last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage and his patriotism.

In passions storm he stood, unmoved, patient, just and candid. In his brain there was no cloud, and in his heart no hate. He longed to save the South as well as the North, to see the Nation one and free.

He lived until the end was known.

He lived until the Confederacy was dead—until Lee surrendered, until Davis fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened, until the Republic was supreme.

He lived until Lincoln and Liberty were united forever.

He lived to cross the desert—to reach the palms of victory—to hear the murmured music of the welcome waves.

He lived until all loyal hearts were his—until the history of his deeds made music in the soul of men—until he knew that on Columbia's Calendar of worth and fame his name stood first.

He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

What he did was worth living for, worth dying for.

He lived until he stood in the midst of universal Joy, beneath the outstretched wings of Peace—the foremost man in all the world.

And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The Savior of the Republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, who had "assured freedom to the free," was dead.

Upon his brow Fame placed the immortal wreath, and for the first time in the history of the world a Nation bowed and wept.

The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts togeher now, and holds all States beneath a nation's flag.

Abraham Lincoln—strange mingling of mirth and tear, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, of AEsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of men; while through all, and over all, were an overwhelming sense of

on, of chivalric loyalty to and upon all, the shadow of the tra end.

Ingersoll, R. G.

INGERSOLL ON LINCOLN.

The Great Infidel's Estimate of the Great Emancipator.

"The Grandest Figure of the Fiercest Civil War and the Gentlest Memory of Our World." 1892

[From Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's address on Abraham Lincoln, delivered in Chicago, February 12, 1892.]

A great actor can be known only when he has assumed the principal character in a drama. Possibly the greatest actors have never appeared, and it may be the greatest soldiers have lived the lives of perfect peace. Lincoln assumed the leading part in the greatest drama ever acted upon the stage of a continent.

His criticisms of military movements, his correspondence with his Generals and others on the conduct of the war, show that he was at all times master of the situation—that he was a natural strategist, that he appreciated the difficulties and advantages of every kind, and that in "the still and mental" field of war he stood the peer of any man beneath the flag. Had McClellan followed his advice he would have taken Richmond. Had Hooker acted in accordance with his suggestions Chancellorsville would have been a victory for us.

Lincoln's political prophecies were always fulfilled. We know now that he not only stood at the top, but that he occupied the center, from the first to the last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage and his patriotism.

He lived to hear the shout of victory. He lived until the Confederacy died—until Lee had surrendered, until Davis had fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened,

UNTIL THE REPUBLIC WAS FREE.

He lived until Lincoln and liberty were united forever. He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

What he did was worth living for, worth dying for.

He lived until he stood in the midst of universal joy, beneath the outstretched wings of peace—the foremost man in all the world.

And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The savior of the republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, he who had "assured freedom to the free," was dead.

Upon his brow Fame had placed the immortal wreath. For the first time in the history of the world a nation bowed and wept.

The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now and holds all States beneath a nation's flag.

Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and gown, of Socrates and Democritus, of Zeno and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, was an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all

THE SHADOW OF THE TRAGIC END.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. About the roots of these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity.

Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved, and hated and schemed, we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct.

Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mold—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows and no successors. [Applause].

He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year.

THE DRAMA OF THE SEASONS.

In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage and generosity. In cultivated society cultivation is often more important than soul. A well-executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment.

In a new country character is essential; in the old reputation is sufficient. In the new they find what a man really is; in the old he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys.

In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof, and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairy-land. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms; but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

LINCOLN NEVER FINISHED HIS EDUCATION.

To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakspeare had been educated at Oxford he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

He was a great lawyer. There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. Perfect candor is not only a sword but a shield.

He understood the nature of man. As a lawyer he endeavored to get at the truth, at the very heart of a case. He was not willing even to deceive himself. No matter what his interest said, what his passion demanded, he was great enough to find the truth and strong enough to pronounce judgment against his own desires.

He never was satisfied until he fully understood not only the facts, not only the law applicable to such facts, but the reason of the law.

If any one doubts his legal ability, let him read, first, the opinion of Chief Justice Taney in the Merryman case, and then the views of Lincoln on that opinion.

MR. LINCOLN WAS A STATESMAN.

The great stumbling block—the great obstruction—in Lincoln's way, and in the way of thousands, was the old doctrine of States rights.

This doctrine was first established to protect slavery. It was clung to to protect the interstate slave trade. It became sacred in connection with the fugitive slave law, and was finally used as the corner-stone of secession.

This doctrine was never appealed to in defense of the right—always in support of the wrong. For many years politicians upon both sides of these questions endeavored to express in exact mathematics the relations between the Federal Government and the States, and I know of no one who succeeded except Lincoln. In his message of 1861, delivered on July 4, the definition is given, and it is perfect:

"Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the General Government. Whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State."

When the definition is realized in practice this country becomes a nation.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex and brain, single in heart, direct as light, and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man

HAD KEENER WIT OR KINDER HUMOR.

It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People who have no humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side—stands in mind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most can tell the thing we wish to hear.

He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid.

He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech; shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most complex and intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It can not be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

Lincoln was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say,

WITHOUT BIGOTRY AND WITHOUT DECEIT.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity.

The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the MERE VOCAL ORGANS CAN DO ALONE—read the words at Gettysburg and then the speech of Edward Everett.

The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues needs the least drapery.

LINCOLN WAS AN IMMENSE PERSONALITY—

firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others.

He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows.

He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. [Applause.]

Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.

As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a $100 bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either of making a display of wealth or pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

By his candor, by his kindness, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought, and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible, but popular, to be natural. He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly respectable, of the cold and formal.

HE WORE NO OFFICIAL ROBES

either on his body or his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other or different from what he really was.

He had the unconscious naturalness of nature's self. He built upon the rock. The foundation was secure and enduring. The structure was a pyramid, narrowing as it rose. Through days and nights of sorrow, through years of grief and pain, with unswerving purpose, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," with infinite patience, with unclouded vision, he hoped and toiled. Stone after stone was laid until at last the Proclamation found its place. On that the Goddess stands. [Applause.]

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle, nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop, but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong. [Applause.]

He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves.

He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither hated nor scorned.

With him men were neither great nor small—

THEY WERE RIGHT OR WRONG.

Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end.

He was as patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing disclosed the real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most men can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation.

He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince.

He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon.

He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

J WRIGHT

Ingersoll, R. G.

INGERSOLL ON LINCOLN.

"The Grandest Figure of the War, and the Gentlest Memory of Our World."

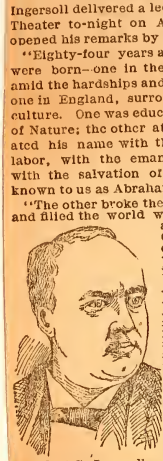
Eloquent Tribute to the Man Who Struck the Shackles From a Fettered Race and Ended Human Bondage —Lincoln Services at Chicago.

1893

NEW YORK, Febuary 12.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll delivered a lecture at the Broadway Theater to-night on Abraham Lincoln. He opened his remarks by saying:

"Eighty-four years ago to-day two babes were born—one in the woods of Kontucky, amid the hardships and poverty of pioneers; one in England, surrounded by wealth and culture. One was educated in the university of Nature; the other at Oxford. One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor, with the emancipation of millions, with the salvation of the republic. He is known to us as Abraham Lincoln.

"The other broke the chains of superstition and filled the world with intellectual light, and he is known as Charles Darwin. Because of these two men the nineteenth century is illustrious.



Robert G. Ingersoll.

"A few men and women make the nation glorious. Shakspeare made England immortal; Voltaire civilized and humanized France; Goethe, Schiller and Humboldt lifted Germany into the light; Angelo, Raphael, Galileo and Bruno crowned with laurel the Italian brow, and now the most precious treasure of the great republic is the memory of Abraham Lincoln."

After briefly summarizing the events leading up to the civil war, Col. Ingersoll went on to say:

"The sympathies of Lincoln, his ties of kindred, were with the South. His convictions, his sense of justice, and his ideal were with the North. Lincoln was a statesman. A politician schemes and works in every way to make the people do something for him. A statesman wishes to do something for the people. With him, place and power are means to an end and the good of his country. It is not a common thing to elect a really great man to fill the highest official position. I do not say that the great Presidents have been chosen by accident. Probably it would be better to say that they were the favorites of a happy chance. The average man is afraid of genius. He feels as an awkward man feels in the presence of a sleight-of-hand performer. He admires and suspects. Genius appears to carry too much sail, lacks prudence, has too much courage. The ballast of dullness inspires confidence. By a happy chance Lincoln was nominated and elected in spite of his fitness, and the patient, gentle, just and loving man was called upon to bear as great a burden as man has ever borne.

HOLDING THE DOCUMENT.

"After the proclamation of emancipation was signed Lincoln held it, waiting for some great victory before giving it to the world, so that it might appear to be the child of strength. This was on the 22d of July, 1862. On the 22d of August of the same year Lincoln wrote his celebrated letter to Horace Greeley, in which he stated that his object was to save the Union; that he would save it with slavery if he could; that if it was necessary to destroy slavery in order to save the Union he would; in other words, he would do what was necessary to save the Union. This letter disheartened to a great degree thousands and millions of the friends of freedom. They felt that Mr. Lincoln had not attained the moral height upon which they supposed he stood. And yet when this letter was written the emancipation proclamation was in his hands and had been for thirty days, waiting only an opportunity to give it to the world.

"On the 22d of September, 1862, the most glorious day in the history of the republic, the proclamation of emancipation was issued. Lincoln had reached the generalization of all argument upon the question of slavery and freedom—a generalization that never has and probably never will be excelled.

"In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free. This is absolutely true. True liberty can be retained and be enjoyed only by giving it to others. The spendthrift saves, the miser is prodigal. In the realm of freedom waste is husbandry. He who puts chains upon the body of another shackles his own soul. The moment this proclamation was issued the cause of the republic became sacred. From that moment the North fought for the human race. From that moment the North stood under the blue and stars—the flag of nature—sublime and free.

"In 1831 Lincoln saw in New Orleans a colored girl sold at auction. The scene filled his soul with indignation and horror. Turning to his companions, he said, 'Boys, if I ever get a chance to hit slavery, by God I'll hit it hard.'

"The helpless girl, unconsciously, had planted in a great heart the seed of the proclamation. Thirty-one years afterward the chance came, the oath was kept, and to 4,000,000 slaves, of men, women and children, was restored liberty, the jewel of the soul. In the history, the fiction of the world, there is nothing more intensely dramatic than this."

A MANY-SIDED MAN.

Col. Ingersoll's lecture was long, and abounded in bright and eloquent saying. Speaking of Lincoln's character, he said:

"Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man, while through all and over all were an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

"Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities. About these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity. Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved and hated and schemed we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct. Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face, forcing all features to the common mold, so that he may be known, not as he really was but according to their poor standard, as he should have been. Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows and no successors. He was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light, and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of this thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side, stands in the mind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climax of reason. In anger reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most men can tell the things we wish to hear. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy. He was natural in his life and thought, master of the story-tellers' art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect. He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity."

LINCOLN'S GENTLENESS.

Referring to Lincoln's gentleness, Col. Ingersoll said: "Men submitted to him as they submit to nature—unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest works and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness that is the perfect grace of modesty. A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean. By his candor, by his kindness, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible, but popular to be natural. He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly respectable, of the cold and formal."

At other points in his lecture, the orator said: "Lincoln had the unconscious naturalness of nature's self. Through clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war, he saw the end. He was patient as destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphics were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face. Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is give him power. This is the supreme test. The glory of Lincoln was, that having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy."

Col. Ingersoll concluded his oration as follows:

"Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except that of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master, seeking to conquer, not persons but prejudices, he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation. He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death. Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world."

Tributes at Chicago.

CHICAGO, ILL., February 12.—The anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was generally observed to-day by memorial meetings. In Central Music Hall a monster meeting was held under the auspices of the Lincoln Club. The Marquette and Hamilton Clubs also lent their aid, and held smaller meetings of their own beside. The exercises in Central Music Hall consisted of patriotic music, a prayer by Rev. Dr. E. G. Hirsch and an oration on "Abraham Lincoln, the Loftiest Type of the Common People," by Rev. Dr. Carlos Martyn.

In Centenary M. E. Church the various camps of the Sons of Veterans united in memorial services, which was preceded by a short march through some of the down-town streets. Another large meeting will be held at the Auditorium to-morrow night under the auspices of the National Union. It will be addressed by Luther Laflin Mills.

J WRIGHT

Ingersoll, Robert G.

A Study of Lincoln

1924

By ROB'T. G. INGERSOLL

LINCOLN was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons.

In a new country, a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage and generosity. In cultivated society, cultivation is often more important than soil. A well executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison, and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment. In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is sufficient. In the new, they find what a man really is; in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovlier than paved streets and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rythmic signing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn, the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape, a poem; every flower, a tender thought; and every forest, a fairy-land. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue and index to the cunning or the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It can not be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart. He was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

* * * wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

J WRIGHT

Ingersoll, R. G.

THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

Addresses by Col. Ingersoll and Dr. Depew at the Lincoln Banquet.

The Life and Character of the Great War Executive — What the Republican Party Has Accomplished for Humanity—Democratic Pretensions Denounced.

1893

NEW YORK, February 11.—The Republican Club to-night gave its Lincoln anniversary dinner. It was the seventh in the series which the organization has held in commemoration of the great leader, but in point of merit it was the first. The banquet hall was elaborately decorated with flowers, and as a souvenir of the occasion there was given to each of the guests a book bound in gold and white and containing extracts from Lincoln's best letters, speeches and messages to Congress. More than 300 men distinguished in nearly every walk of life were present, and the orators of the occasion had come from all parts of the country, each in his own way typifying and presenting some sentiment or phase of national politics. The array of speakers was a brilliant one. The club President, John S. Smith, presided. At his right sat Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster, and at his left Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Others at the guests' table were Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, Congressman W. C. Squire, of Washington; Congressman J. T. Hull, of Iowa; Congressman J. C. Taylor, of Ohio; Assistant Secretary of the Interior C. Bussey, Gen. Horace Porter and Congressman Johnson, of North Dakota.

President Smith made a brief opening address, after which Col. Ingersoll arose to respond to the toast of "Abraham Lincoln," and was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

INGERSOLL'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

He said in part:

"Abraham Lincoln was a strange mingling of the tragic, the heroic and the grotesque, a personification of all that was gentle, just, humane and honest, merciful, laughable, lovable and divine, and all these startling attributes he consecrated for the use of man. Of great men we know either nothing of their peculiarities or their peculiarities only, and for this reason hundreds of people are still striving to smooth out the wrinkles in Lincoln's rugged face. Lincoln had no ancestors, he had no fellows, and he left no successor. How can we account for this great character in our history. First of all, he had the advantage of living in a new country, with social equality and personal freedom. He constantly mingled with men, understood their wants, passions and ambitions, and this, after all, is preferable to book learning. On the horizon of the future he saw the rising star of hope. He appreciated nature as the poem or drama of the season. The country which developed such men as Abraham Lincoln is always more likely to produce such characters than the city, for in the country such a man would be an aggregation of atoms, while in the city he would more likely be an atom of the aggregation. Lincoln was neither a tyrant nor slave. With him a man was neither small nor great, rich nor poor, but they were right or wrong. Yet his destiny is undiscernible. Hieroglyphics were inscribed in his sad and tragic face. He never caused power except on the side of mercy, and he knew no fear except that of being wrong. He loved to see the tears of joy on the cheeks of a woman whose husband he saved from death. He was the grandest figure of our times and the gentlest memory of our world."

Secretary Foster followed Col. Ingersoll, speaking for the Administration.

DEPEW'S ADDRESS.

He was followed by Dr. Depew, who spoke to the toast, "The Republican Party."

GENTLEMEN: It is a perennial pleasure to meet with the Republican Club at its annual celebration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. They revered him for his patriotism, statesmanship and courage, which have immortalized him among the saviors of mankind, and they believe in the principles by which he lived and on account of which he died. The club lives under a perpetual charter and goes on forever. Its ranks are constantly recruited from the youth and enthusiasm of the Republican party. It sets the example for the rest of the organizations by never being unduly elated by victory nor greatly depressed by defeat. It believes that Republican principles stand in relation to the years as they come, and, like truth, which though crushed to earth will rise again. The past of the Republican party is history; the present of the Republican party is watchfulness and preparation; the future of the Republican party is glory. Our friends, the enemy, are doing their best to make it glory hallelujah. The Republican party has controlled the Government of this country for thirty-three years; sometimes the House of Representatives has been against it; once it lost the presidency; but at no time except the present has it been completely out of power in the Government.

The generation of people that have lived in the United States during that time have lived, have prospered and have known unusual happiness under a government of Republican principles, Republican measures and Republican statesmen. This continuity of confidence from the people is unique in the history of countries where the people rule. Power always carries with it the elements of its own overthrow. Almost invariably continuing successes bring incompetency or corruption, or both, in administration, and promote measures which prove disastrous to the best interest of the States. But it is our pride and glory as a party that there has been neither incompetency nor corruption in Republican administrations from Abraham Lincoln to Benjamin Harrison. Every great measure of the Republican party has proved beneficial to the country, from the proclamation of emancipation of Lincoln to the tariff of McKinley and the reciprocity of Blaine.

America is nothing if not original. We have become great without precedence, and we try experiments without fear. Business disasters, financial revolutions, industrial distress, are the patent and prominent causes of the overthrow of the Administration. But the coalition victory over Republicanism in 1892 was a revolt against prosperity. The Republicans had given to the country a financial system and a national banking law which has restored credit, promoted enterprise, helped business and created a sound currency. It had consistently pursued a protective policy which has created the New South on industrial lines and saved the North from diminishing populations and decreasing opportunities for its citizens. The country has voted for a reversal of the policy which has produced these results, and is entitled to its trial. In looking calmly, philosophically and in a most friendly spirit at the situation, I have the profoundest sympathy for Mr. Cleveland. Behind him is this conglomerate mass which has carried the country, and whose conflicting demands present to him and his Cabinet as their fate and opportunity Lorenzo Dow's definition of predestination.

You shall and you shan't,
You will and you won't;
You will be damned if you do,
And be damned if you don't.

The strength of the Republican party is in that it has always kept its pledges. Its platforms were not made to get in on, but to stand on. The utterances of its Conventions are the statute law of the land. Have the Democracy fulfilled their pledges? They have been out of power for a generation because they gave no pledges. The people always want something positive. Negations have no place in life, whether they are human ciphers or fruitless policies. The Democracy have simply denounced Republican principles and criticized all Republican measures. Now, however, they are facing the responsibilities of clear and unmistakable pledges. Will they be redeemed? The most explicit pledge and promise of the Democratic platform was to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver act. But yesterday there appeared in Washington, armed with imperial mandate from the chosen leader of the party, two gentlemen—one representing the interior and the other the exterior—calling upon the Democratic House of Representatives, which has a two-thirds Democratic majority, to fulfill its plank in the Democratic platform. A majority of the Democratic Representatives voted no. The Democratic majority are appealing to us to help fulfill their pledges. It is sound. It is good business as well as the fulfillment of the party pledges, to repeal the compulsory silver purchase clause at the earliest possible moment.

With the temporary abdication of power which has resulted in the election of 1892, the first chapter of history of the Republican party is closed. Every page is illuminated with the story of heroic deeds, beneficent measures and mighty men. It opens with the life and career of that immortal genius and plain man, whose memory we celebrate to-night—Abraham Lincoln. It closes with the death of that magnetic personality, that brilliant statesman, that unequaled party leader, that loved tribune of the people whose death we mourned but yesterday—James G. Blaine. It is an object lesson for all future lives in the possibilities from poverty to distinction under American liberty. Lincoln, the rail-splitter; Grant's cross-roads store in the wilderness; Garfield, ragged and barefooted, from the tow-path of the canal; Blaine, rural printing office—they claimed the homage of the world, and devoted affection and admiration of their countrymen. The Roman mother, when asked what she had done for her country, pointed to her sons. The Republican party, when asked what it had done for the republic, points to the republic itself."

Joseph W. Carey was to have spoken for "The Great West," but was unable to be present.

The fifth speaker was Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, who responded to the toast, "Our Departed Leader."

J Wright

Ingersoll, R. G.

THE SPLENDID TRIBUTE OF A KIND HEART TO NOBLEST OF AMERICANS.

"Lincoln Was Not a Type. He Stands Alone"—"The Greatest Memory of Our World."

The Peerless American.

R. G. Ingersoll in North American Review, June 23, 1886.

Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Rabelias, of Aesop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all an overwhelming sense of obligation of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumnay deformed. He knew nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. About the roots of these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity. Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real men who lived, and loved, and hated, and schemed, we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying powers that the features are exceedingly indistinct. Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mold—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind, and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the hearts, the means used to accomplish the ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons.

In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage and generosity. In cultivated society, cultivation is often more important than soil. A well executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison, and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the investment can be defended as an investment. In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is sufficient. In the new, they find what a man really is; in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovlier than paved streets, and the great forest than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic singing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn, the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought; and every forest a fairy land. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggration of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, learner, an enquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

Lincoln was a many sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask; never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocricy—it is the preface, prologue and index to the cunning of the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story teller's art, in illustration apt in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logican. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It can not be learned. It is the child of the clear head and a good heart. He was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intelligence without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity. The great orator idealizes the great, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory—the miser shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope—enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together, and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read. The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences and genius of gesture. The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as steadily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion—that awkwardness—that is the perfect grace of modesty. As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a $100 and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either for making a display of wealth or a pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

He knew others because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for the place, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop, but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong. He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves. He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him, men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong. Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise, and war, he saw the end. He was patient as Destiny, whose undeciphered hieroglyphics were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. In the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except upon the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer no persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denied, the courage, the hope, the nobility of the nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to seek the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the grandest memory of the world.

J WRIGHT

Ingersoll, R. G.

AN ORATORICAL GEM.

Ingersoll's Eloquent Words in Memory of Lincoln.

1853

THE REPUBLIC BUREAU,
ROOM 146 TIMES BUILDING,
NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1893.

The eighty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was celebrated last night by the Republican Club of this city by a banquet at Delmonico's. More than 300 members and their guests were present. The treat of the night in the way of oratory was the reading by Colonel R. G. Ingersoll of the famous eulogy of Lincoln delivered by him at Indianapolis in 1873: "Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest Civil War; he is the gentlest memory of our world." Colonel Ingersoll said:

"Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone, no ancestors, no fellows and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind, and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the years, the drama of the seasons. Lincoln was a great lawyer. There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. He was a many sided man, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wonderous speech at Gettysburg and the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read. With Lincoln men were neither great nor small, neither rich nor poor—they were right or wrong. He was patient as destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face. He knew no fear, except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pity in the master, seeking to conquer, not persons but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation."

J WRIGHT

Ingersoll, Robert G.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Robert G. Ingersoll's Tribute to the Great War President.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wonderous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read. The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture. The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm, but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others, without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him, as men submit to nature unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as steadfastly as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.

As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred dollar bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected of making a display of wealth or a pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew. A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean. He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for peace, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop; but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong. He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that they who attacked the right must wound themselves. He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong. Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end. He was patient as destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except upon the side of mercy. Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation. He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

Ingersoll

INGERSOLL'S IMMORTAL WORDS AT INDIANAPOLIS, SEPT. 21, 1876

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation, the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see the thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do, and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine—but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the stroke of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite! Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, the whipping post, and we see home and fireside and schoolhouse and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars; they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. [A voice—"Glory!"] I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living, and tears for the dead.

INGERSOLL'S VISION

"A vision of the future arises. . . . I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

"I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret subtle powers of the earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

"I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth—a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward, where work and worth go hand in hand, where the poor girl, trying to win bread with a needle—the needle that has been called 'the asp for the breast of the poor'—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame.

"I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

"I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, married harmony of form and function, and as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth, and over all in the great dome shines the eternal star of human hope."

EIA

Ingersoll, Robert J.

WORDS OF EULOGY.

Ingersoll, the Orator, Speaks of Lincoln, the Hero.

A VIVID PICTURE DRAWN.

Five Thousand People Assemble in the Auditorium.

AMONG THEM 1,000 VETERANS

Character of the War President Graphically Depicted.

SOME INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE.

Genuine, heartfelt eulogy, and not adulation; an exact estimate of true worth, and not fulsome praise; hearty humor, and flowers of rhetoric so natural that they seemed to nod and bend before your eyes—these were the lights and shades that formed a memorable word picture at the Auditorium last night.

Robert J. Ingersoll, the orator, eulogized Abraham Lincoln, the hero.

The audience taxed the utmost capacity of the great auditorium. The orator held up the hero in a clear and natural light. He pictured him not as the ideal type of hero, such as is found in romances; but as a strong, shrewd, honest, warm-hearted man who never exercised absolute power save on the side of mercy.

He said he tried to show Lincoln, not as he thought he should have been, but as he was. His true greatness, said the orator, often lay in his deviation from the regular steel-engraving type of greatness depicted by hero worshipers.

This lecture was not all a eulogy, though at times it had bursts of eloquence that shook the building with applause. There was humor in it—bright scintillations of wit that reminded one of snowflakes crossing a ray of sunshine. There was pathos in it that brought tears of sympathy to every eye. There was epigram in it and each sentence was a gem worth hoarding up. There was history in it that made the acts of Lincoln seem little short of miraculous in their prophetic wisdom. But above all there was that deep fund of human sympathy, that clear delineation of character, that frank, honest, unpainted picture of the man himself. It was a homely portrait framed in oak. So lifelike was it that the veterans who had known Lincoln wept, and smiled, and sighed alternately as it was held in varying lights.

The lecture was given under the auspices of the George H. Thomas Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the thousand old soldiers who were there, the veterans who as boys had loved Lincoln as a father and fought and suffered for him, were the first to clap their hands; the first to seek to hide their tears.

Of all the 5,000 people there, young or old, gray-haired soldiers or wide-eyed school children, none, it is safe to say, entered more fully into the spirit of the address than Judge Lyman Trumbull. He sat on the platform immediately at the right of the speaker. As the lecture progressed he lived over the old scenes when he, too, was an active figure in the stirring scenes of which Lincoln was the center. He had known and loved Lincoln. He seemed to hang on the very words of the speaker, and when one of Lincoln's anecdotes was retold his merry laugh was the first to break the silence. Then, in another instant, when some of the President's tender, loving acts were described, big tears would chase each other down the old man's furrowed cheeks. He was an inspiration to orator and audience alike.

Among other noted men on the platform, besides the officers of the George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., were Judge Henry W. Blodgett, Col. A. J. Babcock, A. H. Burley, ex-Senator Doolittle, and J. K. C. Forrest.

Mr. Ingersoll's Address.

Mr. Ingersoll spoke as follows:

Eighty-three years ago today two babes were born—one in the woods of Kentucky, amid the hardships and poverty of pioneers; one in England, surrounded by wealth and culture.

One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor, with the emancipation of millions, with the salvation of the republic. He is known to us as Abraham Lincoln.

The other broke the chains of superstition and filled the world with intellectual light, and he is known to us as Charles Darwin.

Because of these men the nineteenth century is illustrious.

Every generation has its heroes, its iconoclasts, its pioneers, its ideals. The people always have been and still are divided, at least into two classes—the many, who with their backs to the sunrise worship the past; and the few, who keep their faces toward the dawn—the many, who are satisfied with the world as it is; the few, who labor and suffer for the future, for those to be, and who seek to rescue the oppressed, to destroy the cruel distinctions of caste, and to civilize mankind.

Yet it sometimes happens that the liberator of one age becomes the oppressor of the next. His reputation becomes so great—he is so revered and worshiped—that his followers, in his name, attack the hero who endeavors to take another step in advance.

In our country there were for many years two great political parties, and each of these parties had conservatives and extremists. The extremists of the Democratic party were in the rear, and wished to go back; the extremists of the Republican party were in the front, and wished to go forward. The extreme Democrat was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of slavery, and the extreme Republican was willing to destroy the Union for the sake of liberty.

Neither party could succeed without the votes of its extremists.

lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

This declaration was the standard around which gathered the grandest political party the world has ever seen, and this declaration made Lincoln the leader of that vast host.

In this, the first great crisis, Lincoln uttered the victorious truth that made him the foremost man in the republic.

The Crisis of Secession.

Then came another crisis—the crisis of secession and civil war.

Again Lincoln spoke the deepest feeling and the highest thought of the Nation. In his first message he said:

"The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy."

He also showed conclusively that the North and South, in spite of secession, must remain face to face—that physically they could not separate—that they must have more or less commerce, and that this commerce must be carried on, either between the two sections as friends, or as aliens.

This situation and its consequences he pointed out to absolute perfection in these words:

"Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends?"

After having stated fully and fairly the philosophy of the conflict, after having said enough to satisfy any calm and thoughtful mind, he addressed himself to the hearts of America. Probably there are few finer passages in literature than the close of Lincoln's first message:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriotic grave to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

These noble, these touching, these pathetic words were delivered in the presence of rebellion, in the midst of spies and conspirators—surrounded by friends, most of whom were unknown and some of whom were wavering in their fidelity—at a time when secession was arrogant and organized, when patriotism was silent, and whom, to quote the expressive words of Lincoln himself, "Sinners were calling the righteous to repentance."

When Lincoln became President he was held in contempt by the South—underrated by the North and East—not appreciated even by his Cabinet—and yet he was not only one of the wisest but one of the shrewdest of mankind. Knowing that he had the right to enforce the laws of the Union in all parts of the United States and Territories—knowing, as he did, that the secessionists were in the wrong; he also knew that they had sympathizers not only in the North but in other lands. Consequently he felt that it was of the utmost importance that the South should fire the first shot, should do some act that would solidify the North and gain for us the justification of the civilized world. He so managed affairs that while he was attempting simply to give food to our soldiers the South commenced actual hostilities and fired on Sumter.

This course was pursued by Lincoln in spite of the advice of many friends, and yet a wiser thing was never done.

At that time Lincoln appreciated the scope and consequences of the impending conflict. Above all other thoughts in his mind was this: This conflict will settle the question, at least for centuries to come, whether man is capable of governing himself, and consequently is of greater importance to the free than to the enslaved. He knew what depended on the issue and he said: "We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

Emancipation and Colonization.

Then came a crisis in the North. It became clearer and clearer to Lincoln's mind, day by day, that the rebellion was slavery, and that it was necessary to keep the border States on the side of the Union.

For this purpose he proposed a scheme of emancipation and colonization—a scheme by which the owners of slaves should be paid the full value of what they called their "property." He called attention to the fact that he had adhered to the act of Congress to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes—that the Union must be preserved, and that therefore all indispensable means must be employed to that end.

He knew that if the border States agreed to gradual emancipation, and received compensation for their slaves, they would be forever lost to the Confederacy, whether secession succeeded or not. It was objected at the time by some that the scheme was far too expensive, but Lincoln, wiser than his advisers—far wiser than his enemies—demonstrated that from an economical point of view his course was the best.

He proposed that $400 be paid for slaves, including men, women, and children. This was a large price, and yet he showed how much cheaper it was to purchase than to carry on the war.

At that time, at the price mentioned, there were about $750,000 worth of slaves in Delaware. The cost of carrying on the war was at least $2,000,000 a day, and for one-third of one day's expenses all the slaves in Delaware could be purchased. He also showed that all the slaves in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri could be bought, at the same price, for less than the expense of carrying on the war for eighty-seven days.

This was the wisest thing that could have been proposed, and yet such was the madness of the South, such the indignation of the North, that the advice was unheeded.

Again, in July, 1862, he urged on the Representatives of the border States a scheme of gradual compensated emancipation; but the Representatives were too deaf to hear, too blind to see.

Lincoln always hated slavery, and yet he felt the obligations and duties of his position. In his first message he assured the South that the laws, including the most odious of all—the law for the return of fugitive slaves—would be enforced. The South would not hear. Afterwards he proposed to purchase the slaves of the border States, but the proposition was hardly discussed—hardly heard. Events came thick and fast; theories gave way to facts, and everything was left to force.

The extreme Democrat of the North was fearful that slavery might be destroyed, that the Constitution might be broken, and that Lincoln, after all, could not be trusted; and at the same time the radical Republican feared that he loved the Union more than he did liberty.

EIX

The fact is that he tried to discharge the obligations of his great office knowing from the first that slavery must perish. The course pursued by Lincoln was so gentle, so kind and persistent, so wise and logical that millions of Northern Democrats sprang to the defense not only of the Union part of his administration. Lincoln refused to be led or hurried by Fremont or Hunter, by Greeley or Sumner. From first to last he was the leader, and he kept step with events.

The Greatest Crisis.

On the 22d of July, 1862, Lincoln called together his Cabinet for the purpose of showing the draft of a proclamation of emancipation, stating to them that he did not wish their advice, as he had made up his mind.

This proclamation was held until some great victory might be achieved, so that it would not appear to be the effect of weakness but the child of strength.

This was the political situation in 1858-'60.

The extreme Democrats would not vote for Douglas, but the extreme Republicans did vote for Lincoln. Lincoln occupied the middle ground, and was the compromise candidate of his own party. He had lived for many years in the intellectual territory of compromise—in a part of our country settled by Northern and Southern men—where Northern and Southern ideas met, and the ideas of the two sections were brought together and compared.

The sympathies of Lincoln, his ties of kindred, were with the South. His convictions, his sense of justice, and his ideals were with the North. He knew the horrors of slavery, and he felt the unspeakable ecstasies and glories of freedom.

He had the kindness, the gentleness of true greatness, and he could not have been a master; he had the manhood and independence of true greatness, and he could not have been a slave.

He was just, and was incapable of putting a burden upon others that he himself would not willingly bear.

He was merciful and profound, and it was not necessary for him to read the history of the world to know that liberty and slavery could not live in the same nation, or in the same brain.

The republic had reached a crisis. The conflict between liberty and slavery could no longer be delayed. From the heights of philosophy—standing above the contending hosts, above the prejudices, the sentimentalities of his day—Lincoln was great enough and brave enough and wise enough to utter these prophetic words:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all the one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it further until it becomes alike

This was July 22, 1862. Aug. 22 of the same year Lincoln wrote his celebrated letter to Horace Greeley, in which he stated that his object was to save the Union; that he would save it with slavery if he could; that if it was necessary to destroy slavery in order to save the Union he would; in other words, he would do what was necessary to save the Union.

This letter disheartened to a great degree thousands and millions of the friends of freedom. They felt that Mr. Lincoln had not attained the moral height upon which they supposed he stood. And yet, when this letter was written, the Emancipation Proclamation was in his hands, and had been for thirty days, waiting only an opportunity to give it to the world.

Some two weeks after the letter to Greeley Lincoln was waited upon by a committee of clergymen, and was by them informed that it was God's will that he should issue a proclamation of emancipation. He replied to them, in substance, that the day of miracles had passed. He also mildly and kindly suggested that if it were God's will this proclamation should be issued, certainly God would have made known that will to him—to the person whose duty it was to issue it.

The 22d day of September, 1862, the most glorious day in the history of the republic, the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued.

Lincoln had reached the generalization of all argument upon the question of slavery and freedom—a generalization that never has been, and probably never will be, excelled:

"In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free."

This is absolutely true. Liberty can be retained, can be enjoyed, only by giving it to others. The spendthrift saves, the miser is the prodigal. He who puts chains upon the body of another shackles his own soul. The moment the proclamation was issued the cause of the republic became sacred. From that moment the North fought for the human race. From that moment the North stood under the blue and stars, the flag of nature—sublime and free.

We were surrounded by enemies. Many of the so-called great in Europe and England were against us. They hated the republic, despised our institutions, and sought in many ways to aid the South.

Mr. Gladstone announced that Jefferson Davis had made a nation, and that he did not believe the restoration of the American Union by force attainable. It was also declared that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence. The Marquis of Salisbury said: "The people of the South are the natural allies of England. The North keeps an opposition shop in the same department of trade as ourselves." Some of their statesmen declared that the subjugation of the South by the North would be a calamity to the world. Louis Napoleon was another enemy, and he endeavored to establish a monarchy in Mexico to the end that the great North might be destroyed. But the patience, the uncommon sense, the statesmanship of Lincoln—in spite of foreign hate and Northern division—triumphed over all.

Lincoln was, by nature, a diplomat. He knew the art of sailing against the wind. He understood not only the rights of individuals but of nations. In all his correspondence with other governments he neither wrote nor sanctioned a line which afterwards was used to tie his hands. In the use of perfect English he easily rose above all his advisers and all his fellows.

No one claims that Lincoln did all. He could have done nothing without the great and splendid Generals in the field; and the Generals could have done nothing without their armies. The praise is due to all—to the private as much as to the officer; to the lowest who did his duty, as much as to the highest. But Lincoln stood at the center and directed all.

The Question of Slavery.

Slavery was the cause of the war, and slavery was the perpetual stumbling-block. As the war went on, question after question arose—questions that could not be answered by theories. Should we hand back the slave, his master, when the master was using his slave to destroy the Union? If the South was right, slaves were property, and by the laws of war anything that might be used to the advantage of the enemy might be confiscated by us. Events did not wait for discussion. Gen. Butler denominated the negro as "a contraband." Congress provided that the property of the rebels might be confiscated.

Lincoln moved along this line.

Each step was delayed by the Northern division, but every step was taken in the same direction.

First, Lincoln offered to execute every law, including the most infamous of all; second, to buy the slaves of the border States; third, to confiscate the property of rebels; fourth, to treat slaves as contraband of war; fifth, to use slaves for the purpose of putting down the rebellion; sixth, to arm these slaves and clothe them in the uniform of the republic; seventh, to make them citizens, and allow them to stand on an equality with their white brethren under the flag of the republic.

During all these years Lincoln moved with the people—with the masses, and every step he took was justified by the considerate judgment of mankind.

Lincoln not only watched the war, but kept his hand on the political pulse. In 1863 a tide set in against the administration. A Republican meeting was to be held in Springfield, Ill., and Lincoln wrote a letter to be read at this convention. It was in his happiest vein. It was a perfect defense of his administration, including the Proclamation of Emancipation. Among other things he said:

"But the proclamation, as law, either is valid or it is not valid. If it is not valid it needs no retraction, but if it is valid it cannot be retracted any more than the dead can be brought to life."

To the Northern Democrats who said they would not fight for negroes, Lincoln replied:

"Some of them seem willing to fight for you—but no matter."

Of negro soldiers:

"But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us they must be prompted by the strongest motive—even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept."

There is one line in this letter that will give it immortality:

"The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea."

Another:

"Among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet."

He draws a comparison between the white men against us and the black men for us:

"And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clinched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it."

Under the influence of this letter, the love of country, of the Union, and above all the love of liberty, took possession of the heroic North.

He Saw the End.

Success produces envy, and envy often ends in conspiracy. Lincoln always saw the end. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the time. He advanced too rapidly for the conservative politicians, too slowly for the radical enthusiasts. He occupied the line of safety and held by his personality—by the force of his great character, by his charming candor—the masses on his side.

The soldiers thought of him as a father.

All who had lost their sons in battle felt that they had his sympathy—felt that his face was as sad as theirs. They knew that Lincoln was actuated by one motive, and that his energies were bent to the attainment of one end—the salvation of the Republic.

In 1864 many politicians united against him. It is not for me to criticise their motives or their actions. It is enough to say that the magnanimity of Lincoln towards those who had deserted and endeavored to destroy him is without parallel in the political history of the world. This magnanimity made his success not only possible, but certain.

Vallandigham was a friend of the South, an enemy of the North. He did what he could to sow the seeds of failure. He had far more courage than intelligence—more cunning than patriotism. For the most part he was actuated by political malice. He was tried and convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in Fort Warren. Lincoln disapproved of the findings, changed the punishment, and with a kind of grim humor sent Mr. Vallandigham "to his friends in the South." Those who regarded the act as unconstitutional almost forgave it for the sake of its humor.

Horace Greeley always had the idea that he was greatly superior to Lincoln, and for a long time he insisted that the people of the North and the people of the South desired peace. He took it upon himself to lecture Lincoln, and felt that he in some way was responsible for the conduct of the war. Lincoln, with that wonderful sense of humor, united with shrewdness and profound wisdom, told Mr. Greeley that if the South really wanted peace he (Lincoln) desired the same thing, and was doing all he could to bring it about. Greeley insisted that a commissioner should be appointed with authority to negotiate with the representatives of the Confederacy. This was Lincoln's opportunity. He authorized Greeley to act as such commissioner. The great editor felt that he was caught. For a time he hesitated, but finally went, and found that the Southern commissioners were willing to take into consideration any offers of peace that Lincoln might make. The failure of Greeley was humiliating, and the position in which he was left absurd.

Again the humor of Lincoln had triumphed.

One of the most wonderful and unfortunate things ever done by Lincoln was the promotion of Gen. Hooker. After the battle of Fredericksburg Gen. Burnside found great fault with Hooker and wished to have him removed from the Army of the Potomac. Lincoln disapproved of Burnside's order and gave Hooker the command of the Army of the Potomac. He then wrote Hooker this memorable letter:

"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier—which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession—in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself—which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during Gen. Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition to thwart him as much as you could—in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recent saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those Generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military successes, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence in him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, so far as I can, to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, can get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

This letter has, in my judgment, no parallel. The mistaken magnanimity is almost equal to the prophecy:

"I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army of criticising their

commander and withholding confidence in him, will now turn upon you."

Chancellorsville was the fulfillment.

The Part Lincoln Played.

A great actor can be known only when he has assumed the principal character in a great drama. Possibly the greatest actors have never appeared, and it may be the greatest soldiers have lived the lives of perfect peace. Lincoln assumed the leading part in the greatest drama ever acted upon the stage of a continent.

His criticisms of military movements, his correspondence with his Generals and others on the conduct of the war, show that he was at all times master of the situation—that he was a natural strategist, that he appreciated the difficulties and advantages of every kind, and that in "the still and mental" field of war he stood the peer of any man beneath the flag. Had McClellan followed his advice he would have taken Richmond. Had Hooker acted in accordance with his suggestions Chancellorsville would have been a victory for us.

Lincoln's political prophecies were all fulfilled. We know now that he not only stood at the top, but that he occupied the center, from the first to the last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage, and his patriotism.

He lived to hear the shout of victory. He lived until the Confederacy died—until Lee had surrendered, until Davis had fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened, until the republic was free.

He lived until Lincoln and Liberty were united forever. He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

What he did was worth living for, worth dying for.

He lived until he stood in the midst of universal joy, beneath the outstretched wings of peace—the foremost man in all the world.

And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The savior of the republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, he who had "assured freedom to the free," was dead.

Upon his brow fame placed the immortal wreath.

For the first time in the history of the world a nation bowed and wept.

The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all States beneath a nation's flag.

Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, were an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities or nothing but their peculiarities. About the roots of these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity.

Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved and hated and schemed we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct.

Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mold—so that he may be known not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors.

He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action, and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons.

In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage, and generosity. In cultivated society cultivation is often more important than soil. A well executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment.

In a new country character is essential; in the old reputation is sufficient. In the new they find what a man really is; in the old he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are poetic than steeples and chimneys.

In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a child of thought, and every forest a fairyland. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms; but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

Always a Pupil.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakspeare had graduated at Oxford he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

He was a great lawyer. There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. Perfect candor is not only a sword but a shield.

He understood the nature of man. As a lawyer he endeavored to get at the truth, at the very heart of a case. He was not willing even to deceive himself. No matter what his interest said, what his passion demanded, he was great enough to pronounce judgment against his own desires.

He was never satisfied until he fully understood not only the facts, but only the law applicable to such facts, but the reason of such law.

If any one doubts his legal ability let him read, first, the opinion of Chief Justice Taney in the Merryman case and then the views of Lincoln on that opinion.

Mr. Lincoln was a statesman. The great stumbling block—the great obstruction—in Lincoln's way, and in the way of thousands, was the old doctrine of State rights.

This doctrine was first established to protect slavery. It was clung to to protect the interstate slave trade. It became sacred in connection with the Fugitive Slave law, and it was finally used as the corner-stone of secession.

This doctrine was never appealed to in defense of the right—always in support of the wrong. For many years politicians upon both sides of these questions endeavored to express the exact relations existing between the Federal Government and the States, and I know of no one who succeeded, except Lincoln. In his message of 1861, delivered on July the 4th, the definition is given and it is perfect:

"Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the General Government. Whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State."

When that definition is realized in practice this country becomes a Nation.

"Complex in Brain, Single in Heart."

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor.

It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side—stands in the mind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most can tell the things we wish to hear.

He was not vain. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid.

He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most complex and intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

Lincoln was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity.

The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and satisfies the conscience. Lincoln was

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett.

The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

"Firm but Not Obstinate."

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men

submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others.

He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows.

He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes.

Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest works and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.

As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a $100 bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either of making a display of wealth or a pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

By his candor, by his kindness, by his perfect freedom from restraint, by saying what he thought, and saying it absolutely in his own way, he made it not only possible but popular to be natural. He was the enemy of mock solemnity, of the stupidly respectable, of the cold and formal.

He wore no official robes either on his body or his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other or different from what he really was.

He had the unconscious naturalness of Nature's self.

He built upon the rock: The foundation was secure and broad. The structure was a pyramid, narrowing as it rose. Through days and nights of sorrow, through years of grief and pain, with unswerving purpose, "with malice towards none, with charity for all," with infinite patience, with unclouded vision, he hoped and toiled. Stone after stone was laid until at last the proclamation found its place. On that the Goddess stands.

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop; but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong.

He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defenses, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves.

He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned.

With him men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong.

Through manners, clothes, titles, rags, and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise, and war he saw the end.

He was patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a Nation.

He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince.

He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon.

He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

Ingersoll, Robert G.

A VISION OF WAR

From a Speech Delivered to the Veteran Soldiers of the Union Armies at Indianapolis, Ind., September 21, 1876.

By COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom.

We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time, in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love.

And some are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms, standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war, marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see 4,000,000 of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips, we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable. Outrage infinite!

EIR

Four million bodies in chains, 4,000,000 souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave-pen, the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty, they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars, they are at peace. In the midst of battle in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

Ingraham, Charles A.

Abraham Lincoln

Charles A. Ingraham

The fame of Abraham Lincoln increases with the years, and, though those who were contemporary with him are now greatly in the minority, the younger generation seem to love and revere his memory even more than those who recall the sad day of his death. At that time it was not realized that "Old Abe" would go down in history as one of the world's most remarkable and best beloved men, wearing the crown of immortality, for the dust of strife was upon his garments and the weapons of war had but recently been cast from his hand. But gradually, as the smoke of conflict drifted away and the political rancors and criticisms were forgotten, there arose in beauty and majesty the noble, lovable and illustrious personality of Abraham Lincoln. To this great man the words of Shakespeare do not apply when he said, "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones," for with Lincoln it was just the reverse. The common, the utilitarian, the practical phases of his life have lapsed into forgetfulness, while he lives to-day in a spiritually ideal light, with the people ever treasuring up the reminiscences of his tender heart, fervent patriotism and unique, unerring wisdom. Even the Democratic *New York World* remarked not many years after his assassination, regarding the observance by many cities of Lincoln's birthday, that it "may be accepted as a prophecy of the time, not far distant, when this day will be observed, as the birthday of Washington now is, as a national holiday. Washington founded the Union. Lincoln saved it."

Yet Lincoln was not a person of pre-eminent intellectual power like Alexander Hamilton, nor was he a mighty orator like Daniel Webster, but he was nevertheless a greater man than either. This superiority did not consist in mere mental gifts and acquirements, but it dwelt in his character, in his unified personality made up of social, moral and spiritual excellencies. He had not the erudition of schools, but he possessed the culture of an honest, kind, sympathetic and sensitive heart. His oratory was not finished and classic, but it had in it a profound logic, a deep undercurrent of sincerity and settled conviction. He was eminently human, devoid of artificialities; laughter was his delight, but his seamed face was frequently bedewed with tears as the grief and pathos of the desperate days of the Civil War bowed down his stalwart frame. And he was a seer; he had infinite faith in God and man and seemed to penetrate the future and to be able to foretell events; he had premonitions and dreams which were realized; he said he believed he would not survive the close of the war. Just before the battle of Gettysburg he prayed fervently that victory might be on the side of the Union, and he arose from his knees with peace in his soul and with the conviction that his petition had been granted. At Ford's Opera House, these words were addressed to Mrs. Lincoln: "Mary, I need rest. I know what we will do; after this administration is over we will go abroad. I would like to travel through Europe, and I have a desire to visit the Holy Land, and especially would I like, as far as possible, to tread the same ground that Jesus trod. I would like to walk the streets of Jerusalem." These are said to have been his last words.

Such are the characteristics, very briefly noted, which made and maintain the glorious renown of Abraham Lincoln—not mere ability as the world defines the term, but genuine greatness of soul under the power, inspiration and direction of divine influence. Mere intellectual acquirements and smartness have generally but a brief season of fame, for they are knitted into the passing scenes and conditions of the ephemeral day, and when these disappear everything superficial will be lost with them. But having, as Lincoln did, the elemental and worthy components of character, purified and exalted by Christian faith, when he was called to a great trust and opportunity he was not found wanting, while from the ends of the earth the common heart of humanity hastened to bestow upon him its love and honor.

There is yet another phase of Lincoln's personality which should be mentioned. He was of a deeply poetic nature, a fact that his angular frame and rugged features would seem not to suggest. There belonged to him also a tendency to melancholia, a condition of mind which is apt to be associated with the poetic temperament. When in his youth the girl, Ann Rutledge, upon whom he had set the wealth of his great heart's devotion, was torn from him by the hand of death, he was for weeks inconsolable while his reason tottered on its throne. He went aimlessly and sorrowfully about saying piteously, "Oh! I can never be reconciled to have the snow, the rain and the storm beat upon her grave!" He carried the memory of this great sorrow of his young manhood to the grave; for a poetic soul such as his is most susceptible to the pangs of grief and never forgets the objects of its affection.

Though the portraits of Lincoln exhibit plain and unattractive features, except that one or two of his earlier ones depict a handsome young man, those who knew him intimately say that he possessed a beautiful face. This, however, is said to have existed not in the lineaments of themselves, but in the rare and transfiguring expressions which would illuminate them, while his smile was one of unspeakable beauty. This is a phase of Lincoln's personal appearance which has been lost to the world, except as his biographers may in a measure communicate it to their readers, but the most discerning and eloquent words can never renew the light of a beautiful character in the dead lines of a portrait.

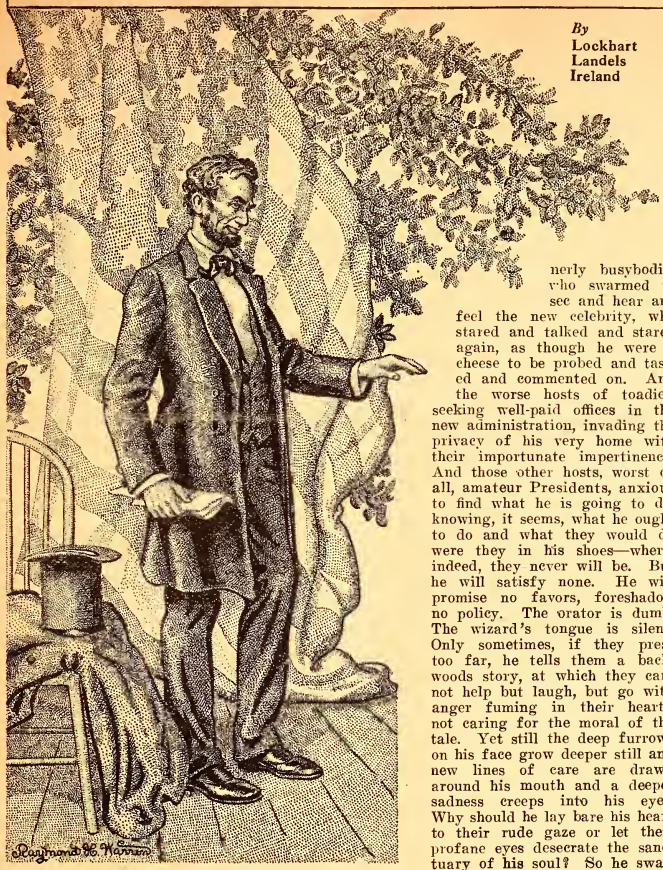
Who can measure the extent of the salutary influence upon posterity of so good and great a man? The liberating of the slaves and the saving of the Union, era-making as were these events, have perhaps been transcended by the uplifting teachings of Lincoln's life as it has been, and is and ever will be, studied by multitudes of men.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Ireland, Lockhart Landels

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A Brilliant Study of the Great Emancipator by a Young Scotchman who also gave up his life in the Cause of Human Freedom

By
Lockhart Landels Ireland



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Republican, was elected President of the United States with a majority of nearly 500,000 over Stephen A. Douglas, Democrat.

Seldom, surely, have sheer force of intellect and transparent sincerity of soul won so huge a triumph. He had no friends at court. He bribed no man, he forced no man, he entreated no man. Only the power of his matchless eloquence and the magnetism of his personality carried him to victory. He had triumphed, and yet, in truth, the battle was only now beginning. He had conquered adversity; would prosperity conquer him? He had kept his hands clean and his soul pure through the coarse temptations of the backwoods. Would he let the subtle lust of power or the spoils of office soil and stain them? He had never lost heart through the darkness of trial and disappointment. Will he lose his head in the limelight of fame and fortune? I think not, for he has learned to rule his spirit—he is competent for the lesser task, to rule his country. He has ever held the reins upon his passions; the reins of government will lie lightly in his hands. Yet there are [illegible] nerly busybodies who swarmed to see and hear and feel the new celebrity, who stared and talked and stared again, as though he were a cheese to be probed and tasted and commented on. And the worse hosts of toadies, seeking well-paid offices in the new administration, invading the privacy of his very home with their importunate impertinence. And those other hosts, worst of all, amateur Presidents, anxious to find what he is going to do, knowing, it seems, what he ought to do and what they would do were they in his shoes—where, indeed, they never will be. But he will satisfy none. He will promise no favors, foreshadow no policy. The orator is dumb. The wizard's tongue is silent. Only sometimes, if they press too far, he tells them a backwoods story, at which they cannot help but laugh, but go with anger fuming in their hearts, not caring for the moral of the tale. Yet still the deep furrows on his face grow deeper still and new lines of care are drawn around his mouth and a deeper sadness creeps into his eyes. Why should he lay bare his heart to their rude gaze or let their profane eyes desecrate the sanctuary of his soul? So he swallows his pain and turns them off with laughter. But the story goes abroad that the new President is a fool, a careless jester. Rome is burning and he fiddles. The country is on the verge of revolution, of civil war, and still he sits, telling his tales with shallow-pated mirth.

No wonder his face grew deeply lined. He loved his country too well to see it split in twain. He loved his countrymen too well to send the war-fiends down upon them. Should he save his country in their blood or should he save them in the utter ruin of his country?

* * *

But the months fly quickly past, and now he must leave for Washington, leave his home and the friends he has proved in his poverty, the honest, homely faces he has learned to trust, leave them for the mad center of the nation's politics, when even at that moment men are priming pistols with which to murder him, where the fate of a continent is hanging in the balance and the touch of his finger is to turn the scale. Springfield station had never seen such a crowd, for is not Abe Lincoln leaving for the White House—honest, simple-hearted Abe, at [illegible] were as poor as he; great, strong, gentle Abe, who had won a corner for himself in every heart, old and young. And the tears welled to their eyes as they looked at him, for he was going out of their lives, and would he return? Going away just as he came, quietly, humbly, with no pride that he was President, no fuss, no airs—just the same old Abe that had come to them barefooted. Only his face is very serious and his grey eyes very sad and earnest. And so the train takes him out of their sight, away to his destiny, and they stand silent, and cannot swallow that great lump in their throats.

* * *

Very different are the crowds that surge and heave and jostle round the White House, far as the eyes can reach. Many a scowling face is there, many a hidden pistol, many a muttered curse upon the "backwoods lawyer" and all he stands for. What will he say to them? The South is arming to the teeth. Will he threaten them with vengeance? The breach is widening every moment. Will he yield them their demands and beg them back again? "No!" he says. He will give them justice. If war there is to be, the first shot will not be his. He has no intention of interfering with slavery where already it is established; but he will not allow it one step North or West. Always above and before all else he will save the Union. And he remonstrates with them for their hastiness, pleads with them as a brother, and he closes thus—

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passions may have strained, they must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot-grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angel of our nature."

So he speaks the words of peace and of goodwill, without a trace of bitterness, yet with an undertone of firmness and quiet strength that warns them that should the worst come he will not fail the men who have so trusted him.

And up beside him stands a little man, Stephen A. Douglas, Senator from Illinois, holding the President's hat.

But the words of loving kindness fall on deaf ears and strong hearts. Even as he talked of peace, fingers were closing on triggers, and one month later the first Southern gun spoke against Fort Sumter, announcing to the world that Civil War was loose.

Thus began four years of waking nightmare, when men dreamed hideous dreams, and waked to find the truth was worse tenfold; when fathers, white with anger, drove their sons from off their thresholds; when sons took arms against the fathers, whom they loved more than life, but could not love more than honor; when gaunt death sat grinning on every doorstep, and palefaced women ran for the morning paper, yet dared not let their shaking fingers open it, lest they find that name in one of those long, black columns.

* * *

And what of President Lincoln, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army and Navy? Never was greater burden placed on man's shoulders. With aching heart he calls for men to go fight their countrymen. He sends powder, shot, and cannon to blast the lives of the men he loves. And all the grief and anguish of the stricken people seems gathered up and focussed in the great tender heart of him who is their representative. The lines of laughter are dying from his face and the lines of sorrow multiplying.

But he must not, could not, indulge his

I